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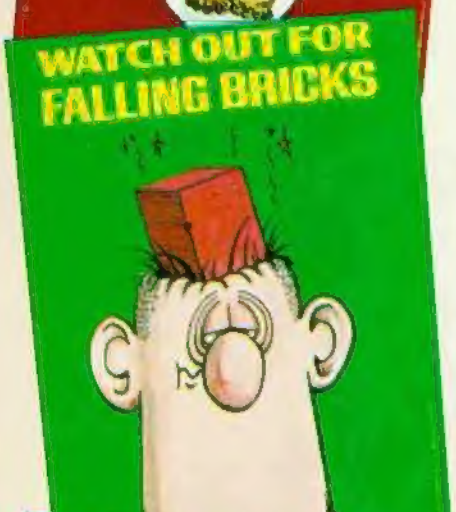

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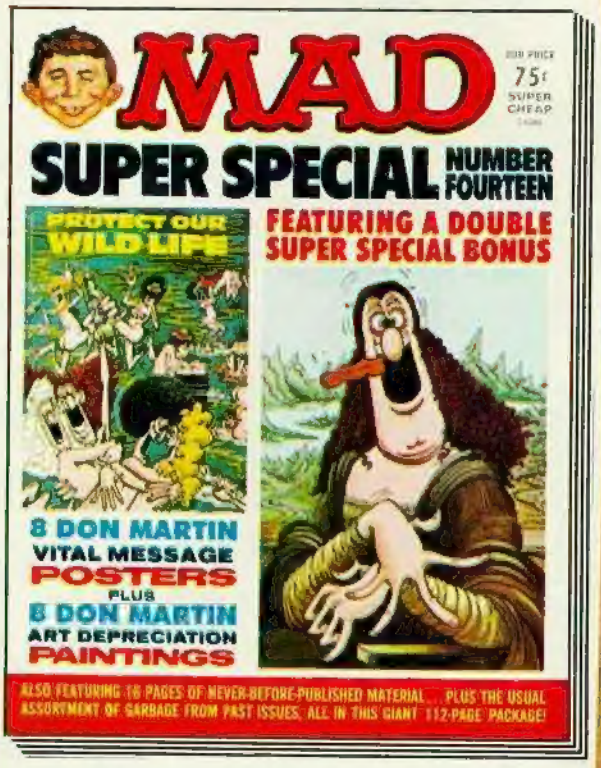

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NUMBER 170 OCTOBER 1974

MAD

"Your money and your vacation never seem to run out at the same time!"—Alfred E. Neuman

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GLORIA ORLANDO, CELIA MORELLI, ERIKA HOLTON,
DAVID FRAZIER *subscriptions*

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

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- ☐ DON MARTIN Bounces Back
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- ☐ DON MARTIN Carries On
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- ☐ DAVE BERG Looks at People
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LETTERS DEPT.

THE WAY WE BORE

"The Way We Bore" was one of your best movie satires. Larry Siegel and Mort Drucker certainly couldn't be boring!

Jonathan Listig
Lakewood, N.J.

"The Way We Bore" is right! You *and* the movie bored me to sleep. But Mort Drucker's art work was fantastic!

Mike Sherard
Orlando, Fla.

I was sickened at the way you skrewed the whole movie into a "teenie bopper" story! That was a beautiful movie and it's a shame that you had to tear it to shreds.

Becky Robinson
Glastonbury, Conn.

I made the Guinness World Record Book for non-stop yawning. Keep up the good work, Larry and Mort.

Louis Barbarite
Mastic Beach, N.Y.

Barbara Strident should have been yelling something altogether different from "Ban the bomb!" It should have been, "Boycott MAD! Boycott MAD!!"

Marc Covert
Portland, Oregon

MAD GUIDE TO RECYCLING GARBAGE

Al Jaffee's "A MAD Guide To Recycling Garbage" was great. I'm now trying to find a way to recycle my collection of MAD magazines.

Bo Barhite
Moultrie, Ga.

I loved Al Jaffee's recycling old clothes and ties into winter clothes for pets. I'd like to see his designs for a lounging robe for my six ounce parakeet.

Joanne D'Alcomo
Boston, Mass.

The expressions on the characters are just too much. This is easily Al Jaffee's best effort!

Charles Gloman
Hazleton, Pa.

Surprisingly, most of the ideas could be used in real life. You know what I mean, besides just kidding around.

Mike Miller
Montreal, Canada

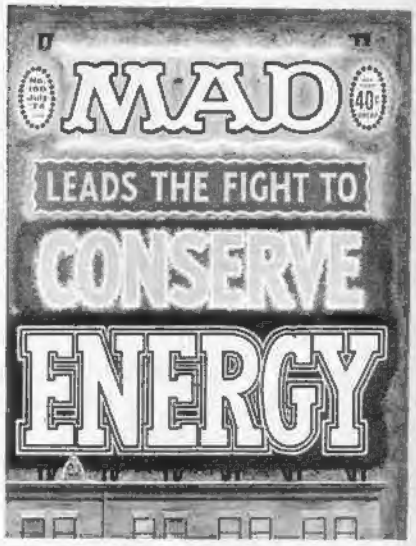
What happened? Many of Jaffee's recycled items actually made sense!

David Kaspar
Bakersfield, Calif.

MAD CONSERVE ENERGY COVER

Your "MAD Leads The Fight To Conserve Energy" cover was a bright idea!

Jay Armstrong
Green Bay, Wis.



I took a dim view of your cover 'cause I tried to read the issue by my Donald Duck nightlight!

DeAnne Oakland
Ramapo, N.J.

PARENTAL NON-SEQUITURS

Just a note from a Mom who always buys MAD for the kids and takes the National Geographic to appease her guilt. A Non-Sequitur at *our* house:

WHAT YOU SAY TO YOUR PARENTS:
"Mom, guess what! The new issue of MAD is on the stands. Let's buy it."

WHAT YOU HOPE THEY WILL SAY:
"Quick, find my car keys. We'll go right down and get it now; a copy for you, and a copy for me, so we won't have to wait turns to read it."

WHAT THEY WILL PROBABLY SAY:
"You just reminded me, you didn't take the trash out this morning. I'm not going to add to it; there's enough trash here already."

Mrs. Midge McWhister
Palm Springs, Calif.

Your "Parental Non-Sequiturs" seemed almost relevant. I was pleased to see your magazine using more sophisticated words like "Non-Sequitur," which we used not too long ago in my Latin II class. It appears to be the perfect phrase since it means "illogical argument." In my opinion, MAD is just one big Non-Sequitur.

Janet Lee Gross
Hawthorne, Calif.

Either Stan Hart and I have the same mother or there are Xerox copies of her floating around, all over the nation.

Shawna M. Martin
Delano, Calif.

A MAD LOOK AT MARRIAGE

My Mom and Dad said "A MAD Look At Marriage . . . Before And After" is so true. I can't tell. I didn't know them *before* they were married.

Kathy Quinn
Waretown, N.J.

LIGHTER SIDE OF THE ENERGY CRISIS

While reading Dave Berg's "The Lighter Side Of The Energy Crisis" I fell asleep with the light on.

Jack Degnan
Garden Grove, Calif.

BILLY JOCK

Your "Billy Jock" was the most overpowering thing since Watergate, especially when I took my shoes off and read it.

Mike Weidman
Corunna, Mich.

Having seen the movie, I thought Stan Hart and Angelo Torres did a very perceptive job.

Carol Smith
Orinda, Calif.

I thought the movie "Billy Jack" was superb, but Hart's satire murdered it beyond recognition. So don't expect any recognition for it!

Joe Boudreaux
Shreveport, La.

"Billy Jack" left me in tears. "Billy Jock" left me in tears . . . of laughter.

Barbara Kirkner
Novato, Calif.

As long as I live, I'll remember reading "Billy Jock." It all started on a Saturday morning . . . or was it a Tuesday afternoon . . . or maybe it was a Friday evening . . . anyway, I'll never forget it . . .

Ray Pence
Sinclair, Wyo.

A MAD MEDICAL REPORT

I think Frank Jacobs is an excellent writer and "A MAD Medical Report" was worthy of him. Although I live in Canada, I am aware of the degrading of your National Symbol, and Frank Jacobs expressed this superbly. Irving Schild's photo of the abused Uncle Sam accentuated the ailments.

Perry Hancock
Gander, Newfoundland
Canada

Frank Jacobs diagnosed Uncle Sam perfectly! Now if they could only find a cure . . .

David Williams
Shawnee, Okla.

Why all the fuss? I hope I look that good when I'm 198!

James Randleman
Fair Oaks, Calif.

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PRICES LOWER!

Yep, the prices for these full-color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What—Me Worry?" kid, (suitable for framing or lining bird cages) were lower last issue! Due to higher costs, we are forced to raise them this issue. (No fair rushing in an order based on last issue's prices —you already saw this ad!) Just resign yourself to having to now mail in 35¢ for 1, 75¢ for 3, $1.55 for 9, $3.15 for 27 or $6.35 for 81 to: MAD, 485 MADison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

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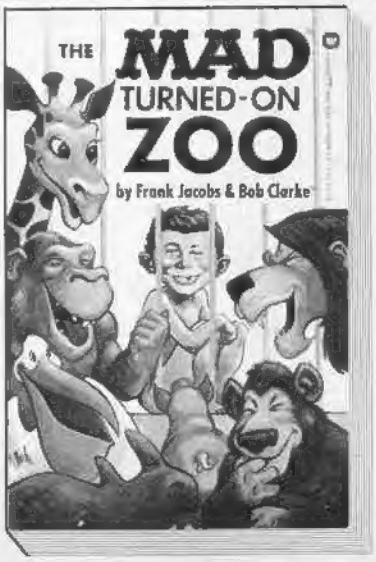

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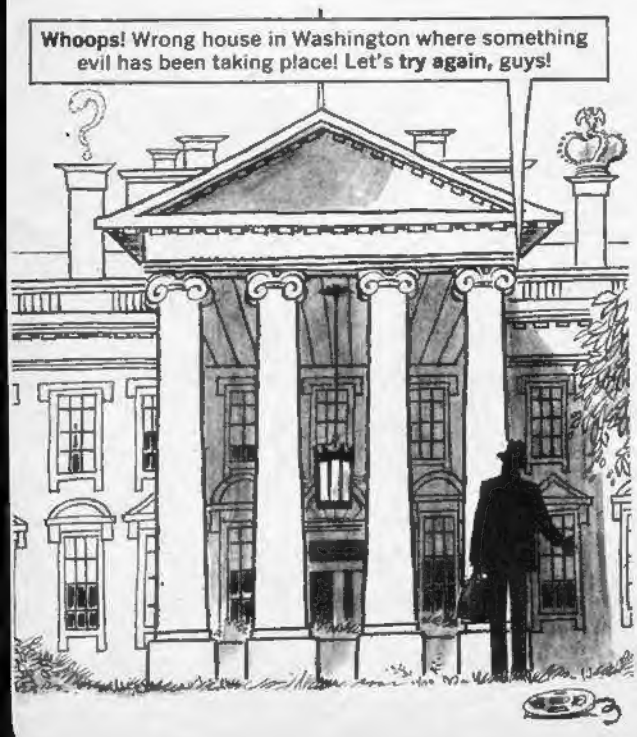
BETWEEN THE DEVIL AND THE HOLY SEE DEPT.

Remember the good old days when Hollywood used to make horror movies about vampires, werewolves, zombies, seventy foot apes and other assorted monsters? Let's face it, they were all disgusting creatures, but there was still something kinda harmless and loveable about them. Well, those days are gone forever. Today's film makers have come up with something *really* disgusting. Yessiree, you screamed at "Frankenstein," you shrieked at "Dracula" and you shuddered at "King Kong," but take it from us . . . those guys were all a bunch of pussycats when compared to . . .

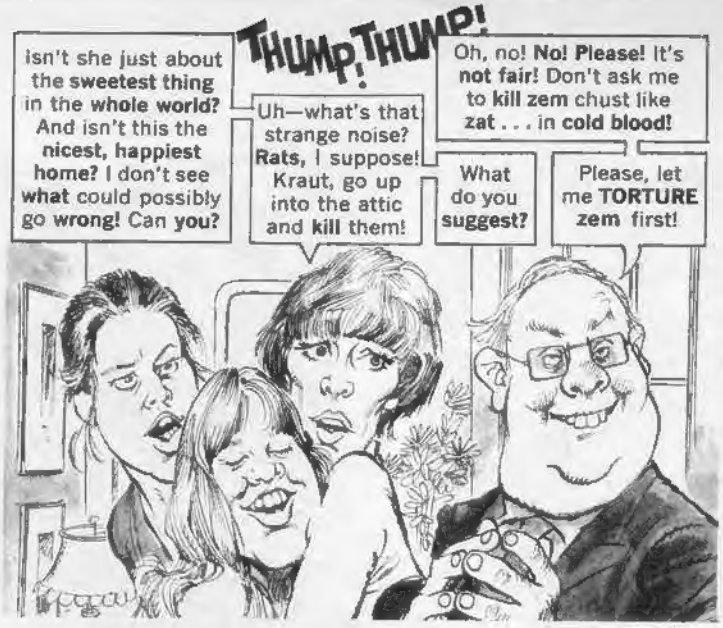
THE E

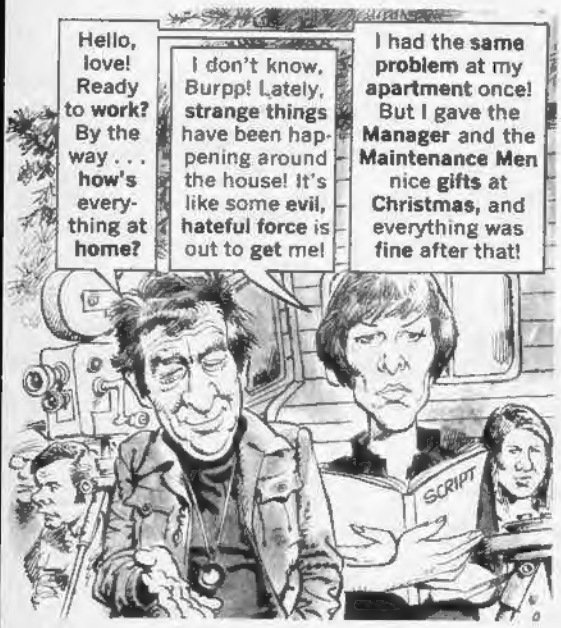
CCHORCIST

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL



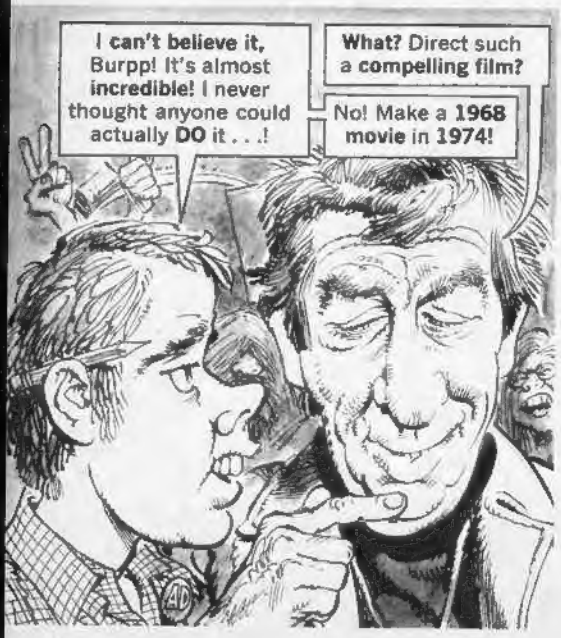
Hi, sweet Mumsy! Hi, loyal servants!
There's my little darling! Hello, Ravin dear . . .
Ooh! Isn't she cute and irresistible! I must hug her this very instant!
No, no! Me first! Chust vun hug! Undt zen maybe a little pinch to draw blood! I'm entitled to some pleasure, too!
LOVE
HOME SWEET HOME

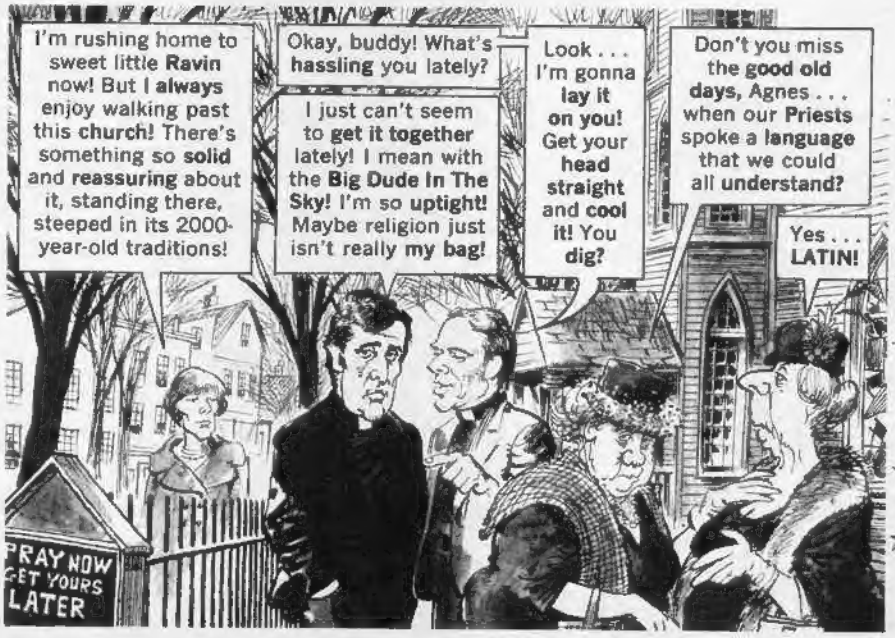

THUMP! THUMP!
Isn't she just about the sweetest thing in the whole world? And isn't this the nicest, happiest home? I don't see what could possibly go wrong! Can you?
Uh—what's that strange noise? Rats, I suppose! Kraut, go up into the attic and kill them!
Oh, no! No! Please! It's not fair! Don't ask me to kill zem chust like zat . . . in cold blood!
What do you suggest?
Please, let me TORTURE zem first!


Hello, love! Ready to work? By the way . . . how's everything at home?
I don't know, Burpp! Lately, strange things have been happening around the house! It's like some evil, hateful force is out to get me!
I had the same problem at my apartment once! But I gave the Manager and the Maintenance Men nice gifts at Christmas, and everything was fine after that!
SCRIPT

I guess it's nerves! With my Husband away, I'm so lonely! Oh, Burpp . . . I need a man so badly!
Oh, God . . . so do I!!
All right, kids! Places, please! Ready for the big campus scene!

Okay, students! Let's storm the Administration Building!
Show the pigs we mean business!
Down with the fuzz!
Burn, baby!
BURN!
FREE LOVE
MAKE LOVE NOT WAR


I can't believe it, Burpp! It's almost incredible! I never thought anyone could actually DO it . . .!
What? Direct such a compelling film?
No! Make a 1968 movie in 1974!


I'm rushing home to sweet little Ravin now! But I always enjoy walking past this church! There's something so solid and reassuring about it, standing there, steeped in its 2000-year-old traditions!
Okay, buddy! What's hassling you lately?
I just can't seem to get it together lately! I mean with the Big Dude In The Sky! I'm so uptight! Maybe religion just isn't really my bag!
Look . . . I'm gonna lay it on you! Get your head straight and cool it! You dig?
Don't you miss the good old days, Agnes . . . when our Priests spoke a language that we could all understand?
Yes . . . LATIN!
PRAY NOW GET YOURS LATER

Hello, Ravin, darling! What did Mommy's sweet little girl do today?
Well, I sewed a dress for my dolly, I gave my puppy a bath, and now I'm communicating with a dead spirit . . .
Silly ninny, playing with a Ouija Board! Don't you know those things don't work! It is impossible for a living being to communicate with the dead! It just can't be done! Do you understand that, dear?
Yes, Mommy!
Good! Now were there any messages for me today?
Grandma called, your Agent called, your Insurance Man said to phone him, and Benedict Arnold sends his regards!
Now, cut that out!!
Will Burpp be at the party that you're giving tomorrow night? I love him so much!
He's like a second Daddy to you, huh?
Well, let's say a second MOMMY!
What a great party, Crass! Look at all the celebrities! Actors, Congressmen . . . why, I even recognize the guy in the glen plaid suit! That's Kip Klipp, the Astronaut!
♪ I used to work in Chicago— ♪
Hey! Who is that guy . . . playing the piano?
Father Dooley! He's new around here! He just got the call!
From the Archdiocese in Washington?
No . . . from Caesars Palace in Las Vegas!
Ravin! Why do you look so EVIL? And what are you DOING?!?
You're gonna DIE up there . . .
My child! That's a terrible thing to say to an Astronaut!
Who are you?
I'm a Priest who's booked to play Las Vegas!
You're gonna die up there, too!
What an awful thing she just did! I mean, I've seen people throw up when I'm playing, but . . .
Stick around! she does a lot of THAT later on, too!
I don't get it! Why did she commit such a disgusting act?!?
Ooo-ee! If she says, "The DEVIL made me do it!"— I'll SUE!
Mommy . . . Mommy . . .
Ravin! What is it?
There's something wrong with my BED!!
How weird! A bed that won't stop shaking and vibrating! Saran, get rid of it! Give it back to the man who sold it to us!
At this hour of the night, where am I going to find Hugh Hefner?!

There, there! Just relax! Everything will be all right!

Oh, Mommy! I'm so frightened! I feel like something terrible is after me! Some ugly cursing snarling hideous monster that wants to take me away from you!

Don't be silly, darling! you KNOW your Daddy is in Europe!

Doctor, I'm glad you could come! I want you to look at my daughter!

You stupid &★@!▷@! Your Sister is a ☆@!C#★! Your Father is a☆C@!★#! And your Mother kisses sweaty gym shirts!

CCCCCCH!

PTOOOOEY!

SPLAT

Tell me, have you noticed anything UNUSUAL about her behavior lately?

@#$% &C*¢!

Well, Doctor? what do you think . . . ?

Hmm! It's the strangest case of bronchitis I have ever seen!

Bronchitis?!? Why would anyone with bronchitis act like that?

That's what makes it so strange! I'll X-ray her brain to see if I can find out anything!

Very well! And while you're at it, would you try to find out something else . . . ?

What's that?

Where in the ☆6☆!@★ did she get such a @@1#★@ filthy mouth!

As you can see, we are using very complicated X-ray equipment, Mrs. McSqueal! That's because your daughter has some strange disease which we do not understand!

Gee, Doctor . . . all that exposure to radiation! Isn't there a chance she could develop CANCER?

Sure . . . but THAT we understand!

X-RATED

Well, the X-rays reveal there is nothing wrong with your daughter! In no time, she should be up and around, playing house, finger-painting, sewing dolls' dresses—

Kiss my @!☆☆C#, you silly four-eyed @★!@&★@!

—driving a trailer truck!

Doctor, there IS something wrong! I know it! I feel it!

Listen . . . I HEAR it!

Perhaps we had better call in a Psychiatrist!

Oh, Dr. Klown! Thank heavens you've come! I need a Psychiatrist so badly!
The way I see it, Mrs. McSqueal, your Oedipus Complex is the result of a Father fixation brought on by an early enema, and—
Wait, Doctor! You don't understand!
All right! How's this? You have a pathological fear of sex as a result of a deep-rooted psychosis arising from a traumatic pre-natal hernia!
No, Doctor! No!!
My, my! Aren't we picky today! All right, you have dementia praecox, and THAT'S IT! I'm a very busy man!
Doctor, it's not ME! It's my little girl!
Look at her, Doctor! Look at this room! The bed is shaking, and she's covered with blood, and she's violating a cross, and that weird evil voice is coming out of her mouth!
What am I going to do??
I assure you, Mrs. McSqueal, you have nothing to worry about!
I don't?!?
Nope! But your little girl—now SHE's got a problem!
Yiccchhh! Le'me out of here!!
What's going on, Saran? There's a big crowd outside!
Bad news, Mrs. McSqueal! Burpp was mincing around in Ravin's room, and now the window's smashed and he's lying dead in the alley outside the house!
Oh . . . no! Poor Burpp! If I told him once, I told him a million times: Don't try to fly home in a FOG!
Uh . . . I'm Lt. Kindergarten! Can you tell me where I can find a Priest named Father Tsouris?
:Yes! I'm Father Tsouris!
YOU?!? Excuse me for being personal, Father, but what's a Priest doing running around a track on a Sunday morning?
Listen . . the way Church attendance is nowadays, what ELSE is there to do! Did you ever try SURFING in this weather?
TRACK
Father, we just found a Director named Burpp Denims with his head turned completely around!
I met him once! It HAS to be an improvement!
No, you don't understand! He's dead . . . and we suspect an evil force is at work!
Oh, well, there's a LOT of that going around here in Washington!
Well, if you get any ideas about the murder, call me! Meanwhile—if you're not doing anything some evening, how would you like to go to a movie with me?
Love to! How about Christmas Eve?
You're not doing anything on Christmas Eve?!?
Oh! How idiotic of me! Why, I forgot all about the Roller Derby! Let's make it Easter Sunday!
It's MY ☆☆◎★ room, so get your ☆#!★@ out of it!
Listen . to that language! And look what she's doing to her Mother!
Isn't zat cute? Our little girl iss growing up! She's getting more like a normal teenager every day!

Gentlemen, you are the finest medical minds in the world! Tell me . . . what's wrong with my daughter?

I think it's either a deep carnivorous calcification of the small temporal lobe . . . or a very tricky case of poison ivy!

It sounds more like Kopplemeyer's Disease to ME!

What's that?

How should I know?! Ask Kopplemeyer!

Go ahead . . ask me! I'm Kopplemeyer!

Okay! Tell me! What's Kopplemeyer's Disease?

Don't ask!!

Please! We've wasted too much time already! Let's CUT!!

But we don't know WHERE to cut . . . or WHAT to cut!

So what! That never stopped us BEFORE!

I say we perform Open Brain Surgery!

How about doing a Skull Transplant?

I've GOT it! I've got it! We'll do a Nose Job!

A Nose Job?!? How can THAT help?

It can't HURT!

Mrs. McSqueal, your daughter has obviously been possessed by the Devil! I suggest you get a Priest . . . and have the Devil exorcised!

My child possessed by the DEVIL?!? You're crazy! Who could ever dream up anything more ridiculous than that?

Stick around! Now, we discuss your bill!

. . . and that's my story, Father! Do you think you can help me?

Of course! Now, here's what you do: Run the Devil 10 laps around a track, then have him do 50 push-ups, then . . .

That's how you exorcise the Devil?

EXORCISE? I thought you said—

Father! The one thing I DON'T need now is rotten jokes!

Father, this is my little girl! I tell you the Devil is inside of her!

Nonsense! She looks fine to me! Hi, little girl! How would you like a Baby Ruth?

How would you like a swift kick in the ★☆@?

MEIN KAMPF

Hear that vicious, foul language? See the smoke pouring out of her mouth? Have you ever seen anything like that before, Father?

Only ONCE!

You've met ANOTHER child possessed by the Devil . . .?!?

No, I was visiting a Public School, and I accidentally walked into the Girls' Bathroom!

Look, Ravin! I'm only here as a favor to your Mother! I happen to know there's nothing wrong with you, so . . .

C'MERE, FATHER! I WANNA TELL YOU SOMETHING!

You want to tell me something?

YEAH, YOU ☆@#☆!

I know you're not possessed by the Devil! So don't try your phony profanity! I've heard every foul word ever uttered! There's nothing horrible or nauseating you can say that will upset me!

Except that!!

Yahhh!

The Devil!

RING AROUND THE COLLAR! RING AROUND THE COLLAR!

The Devil!

I've given Father Tsouris permission to perform an **Exorcism**, but he needs an older Priest to assist him!

I'd like to help him, but everybody is tied up in important work these days!

How about **Father Reilly?**

Don't be ridiculous! This is his **BINGO WEEK!**

How could I forget! What about **Father Callahan?**

In the middle of his **Guitar Lessons!?**

Foolish me! How about **Father Clancy?**

You know he's doing the **"Merv Griffin Show!"**

Say! What about **Father Merry?** Is he doing anything important these days?

As far as I know, he's conducting **Mass** and hearing **Confession!**

What a **WEIRDO!** Send him!

I've been told the subject is only an **11-year old child**, so this Exorcism **shouldn' take too long!** Where is she?

UPSTAIRS, ☆&●★! ☆ MAKING OUT WITH A TENNIS SHOE!

Hmm! On **second** thought, I'd **better unpack!** Now . . these are the **standard tools** for an **Exorcism: The vial of Holy Water** to **douse** the **evil spirit**, the **Crucifix** to **hold** the **Demon** at **bay**, and the **Hostess Cupcake** . . .

The **Hostess CUPCAKE?!?**

You know it, Father! Exorcisms **take time!** Believe me, long about **Midnight**, you can get **mighty hungry!**

Well, Satan! Are you **prepared** to **feel** the **Wrath of God?**

GET LOST, CRUD! YOUR CHURCH STINKS! YOUR BISHOPS TAKE PAYOLA! AND THE POPE READS PLAYBOY!

Hmmmmm! We always uncover something **new** about the enemy at these rituals!

You just learned something **new** about the **Devil, Father Merry?** What is it?

Well, for **one** thing, I think he's **Protestant!**

TWENTY-SEVEN HORRIBLE, DISGUSTING, NAUSEATING MINUTES LATER . . .

Okay, Satan! **You win! We give up!** What do you **want?** What will you **take** to **leave** this poor child's **body?**

Now you're talking, you **White Collar Workers!** My deal is **a simple, typically corrupt Hollywood deal!** A guarantee of **six more movies!**

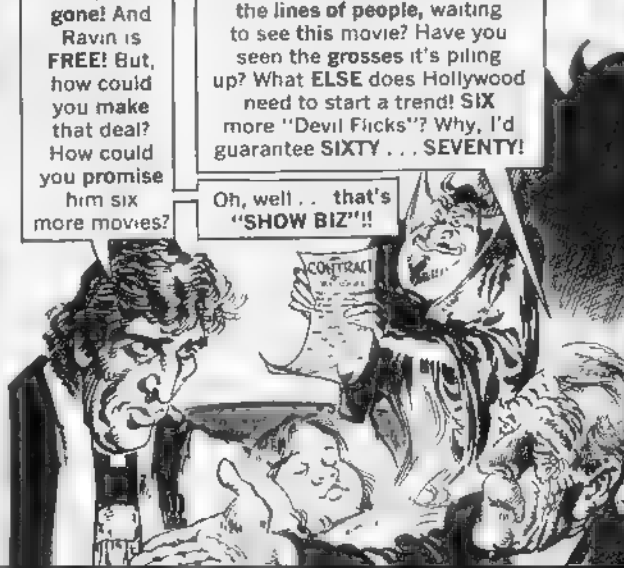
That's all you **want? Six more movies?**

That's **it**, Sweeties! Listen, I haven't had this kind of popularity since the **Inquisition!** All this **publicity** and **interest!** If you think I've got **Cults** and **Followers NOW**, just wait until **six MORE** "Devil Flicks" hit the nabes!

Well, he's **gone!** And Ravin is **FREE!** But, how could you **make** that deal? How could you **promise** him six more movies?

That was **easy!** Have you seen the **lines of people**, waiting to see **this** movie? Have you seen the **grosses** it's piling up? What **ELSE** does Hollywood need to start a trend! **SIX** more "Devil Flicks"? Why, I'd guarantee **SIXTY . . . SEVENTY!**

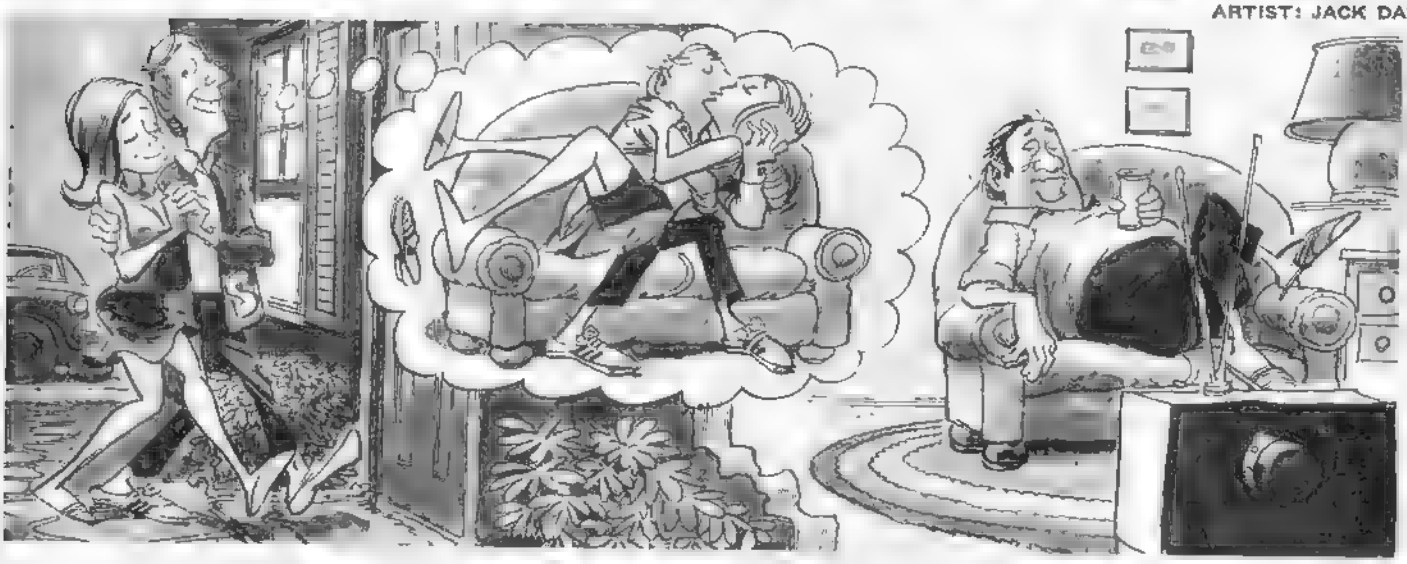
Oh, well . . **that's "SHOW BIZ"!!**



OPTI-MISSED DEPT.

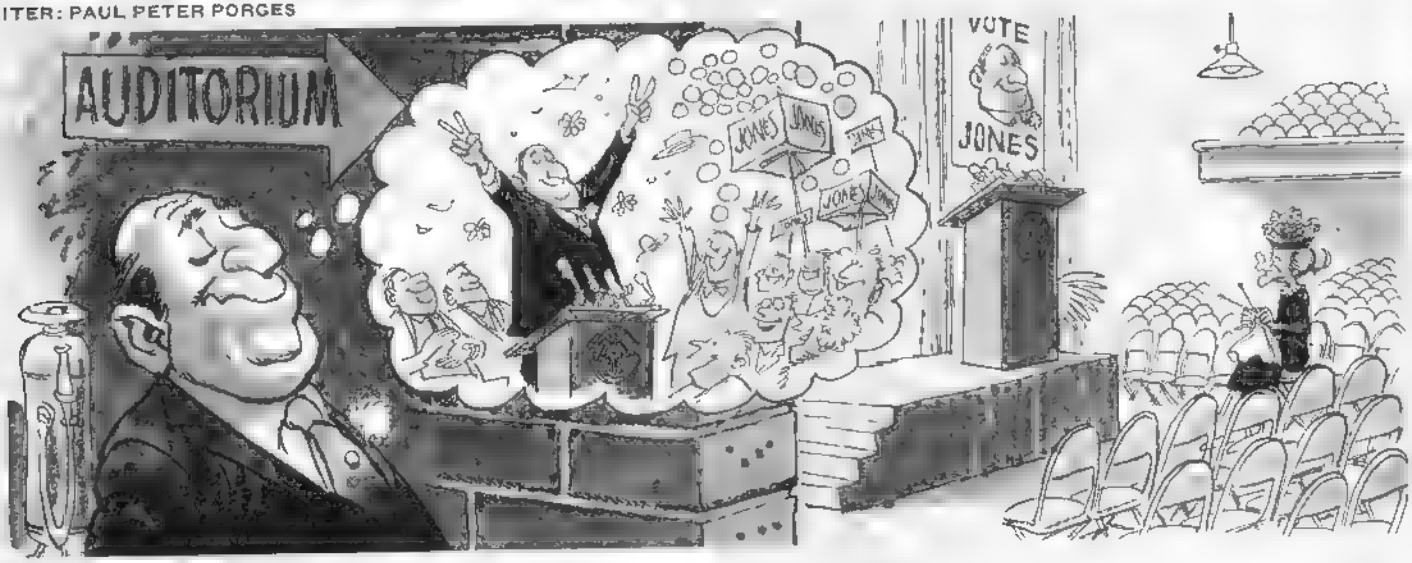
WISHFUL

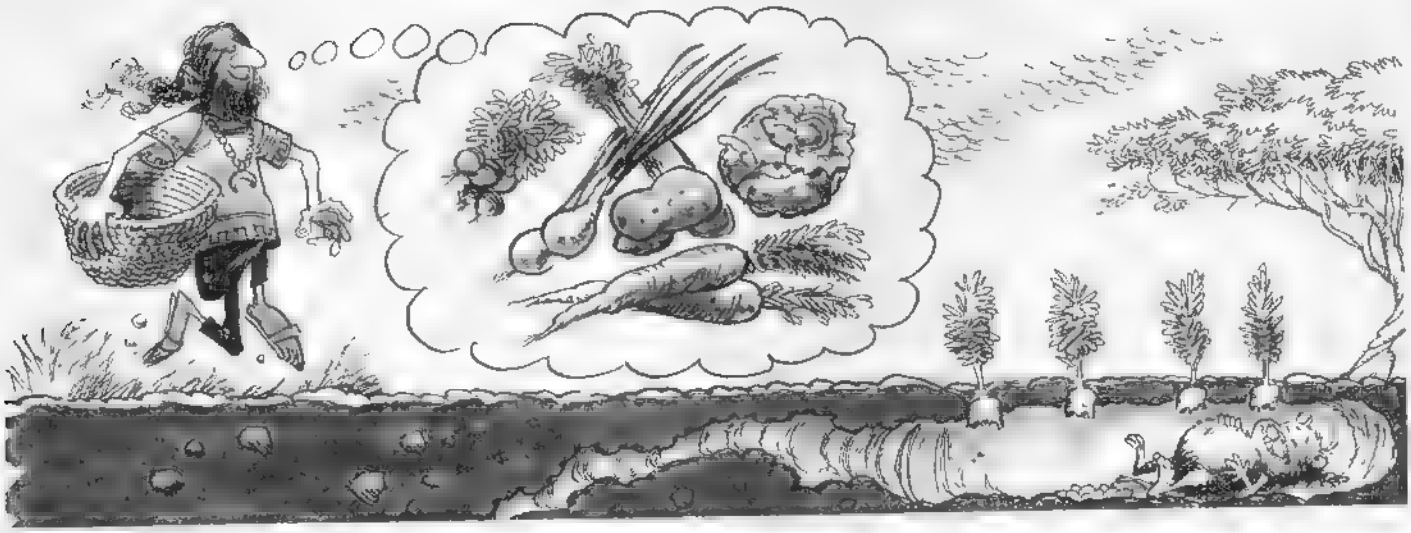
ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

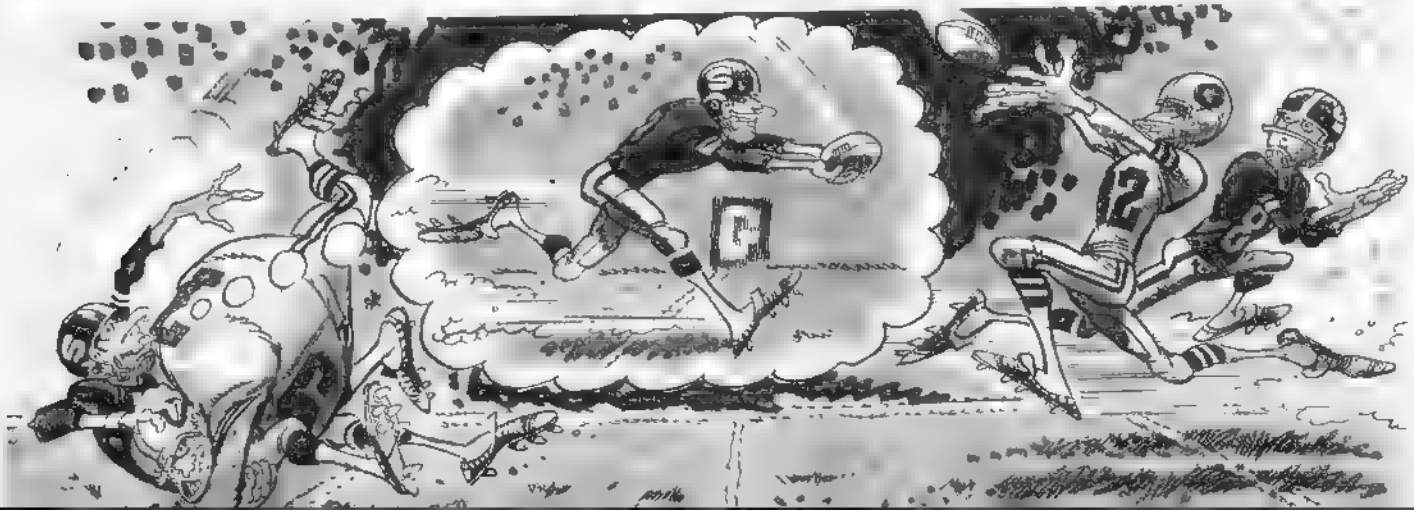


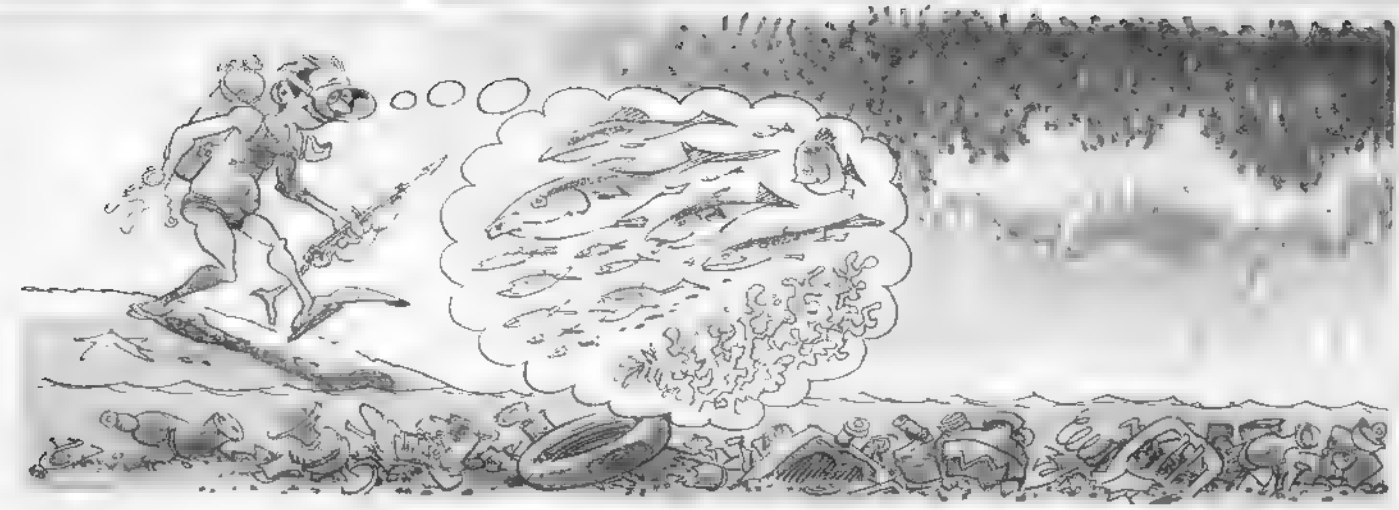
THINKING

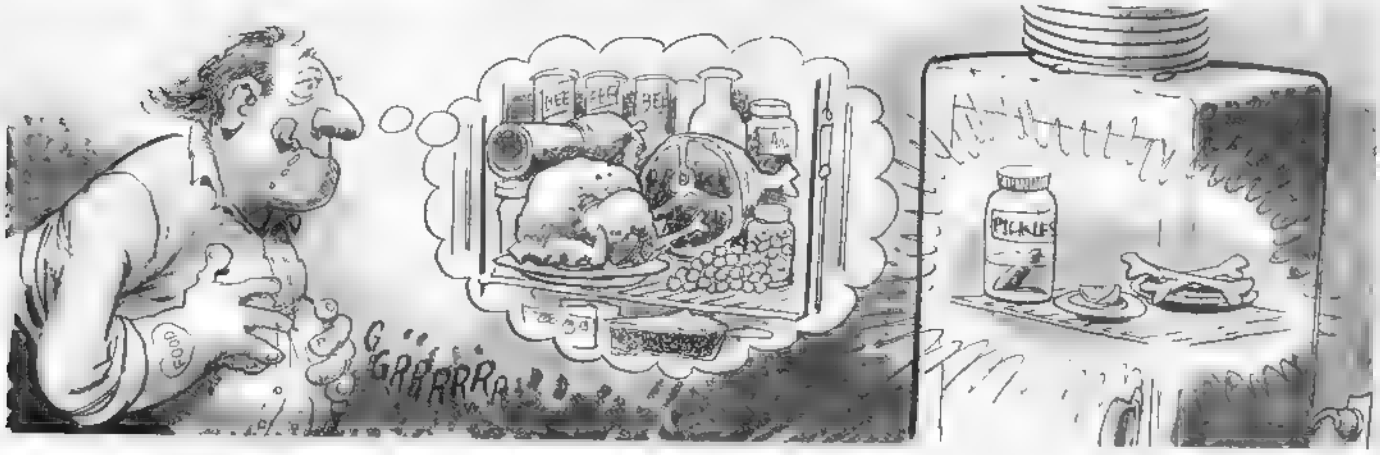
WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES

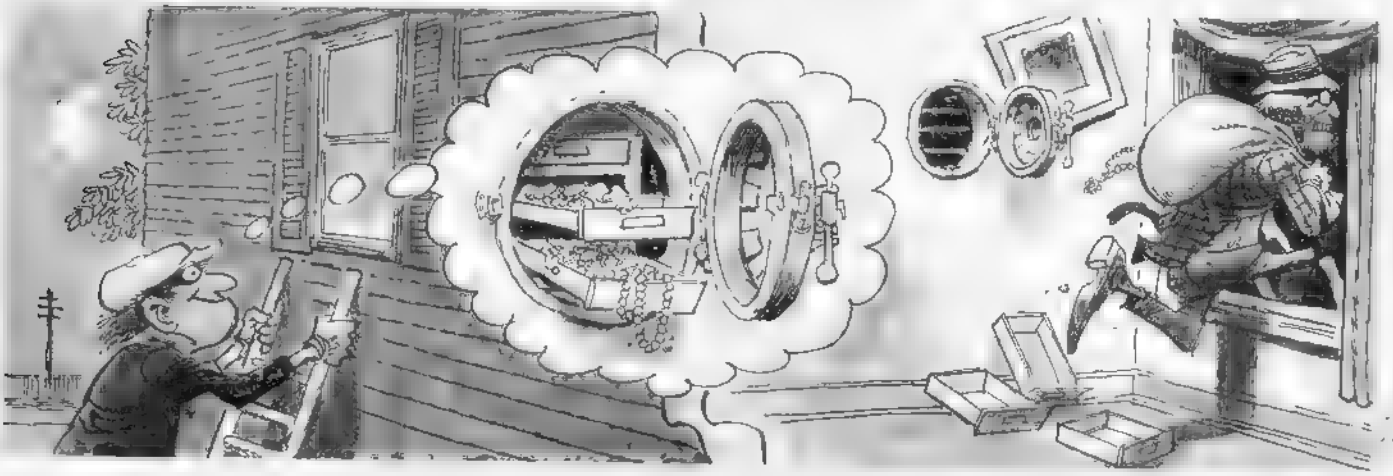








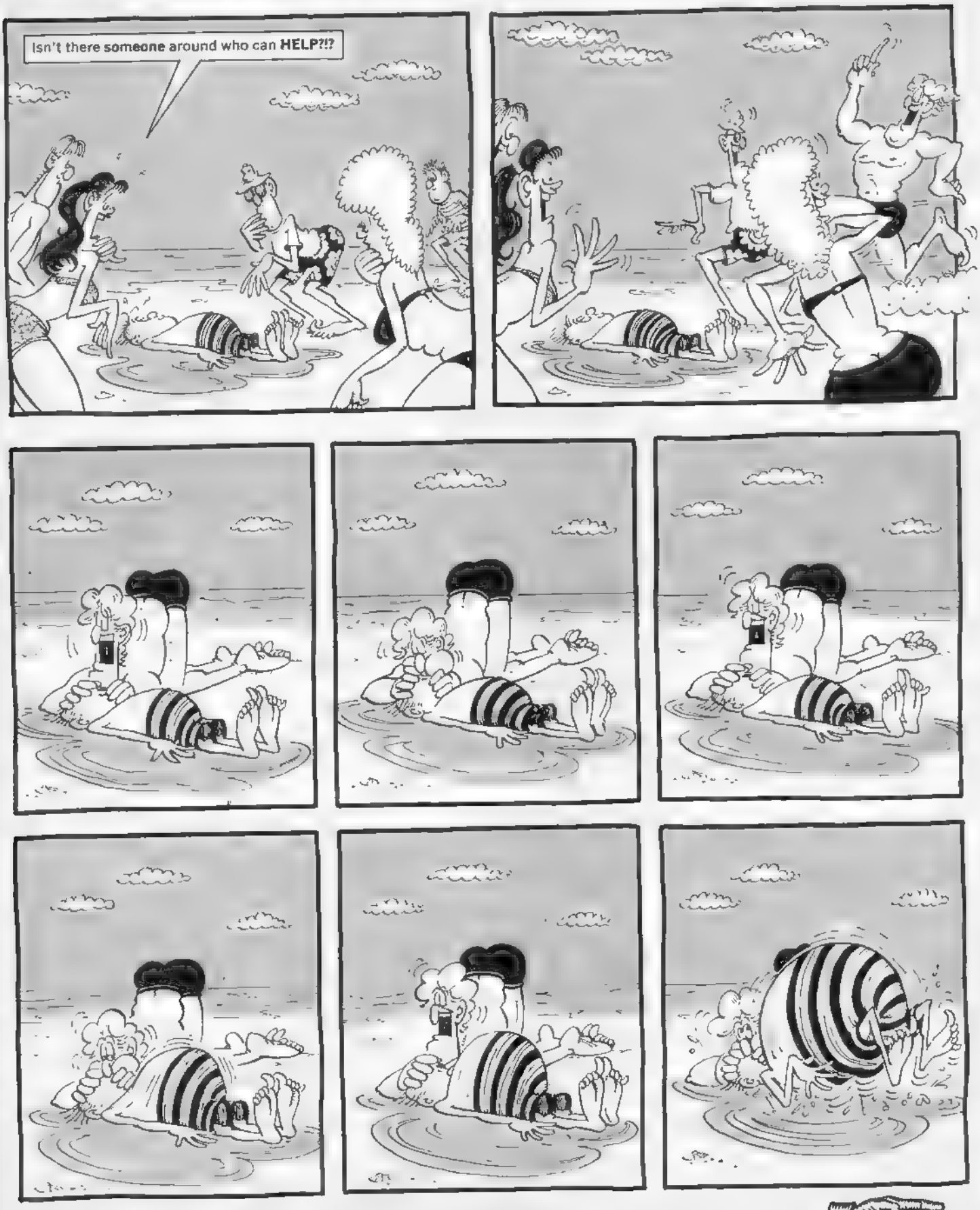

FOOD
GRRRRR
PICKLES

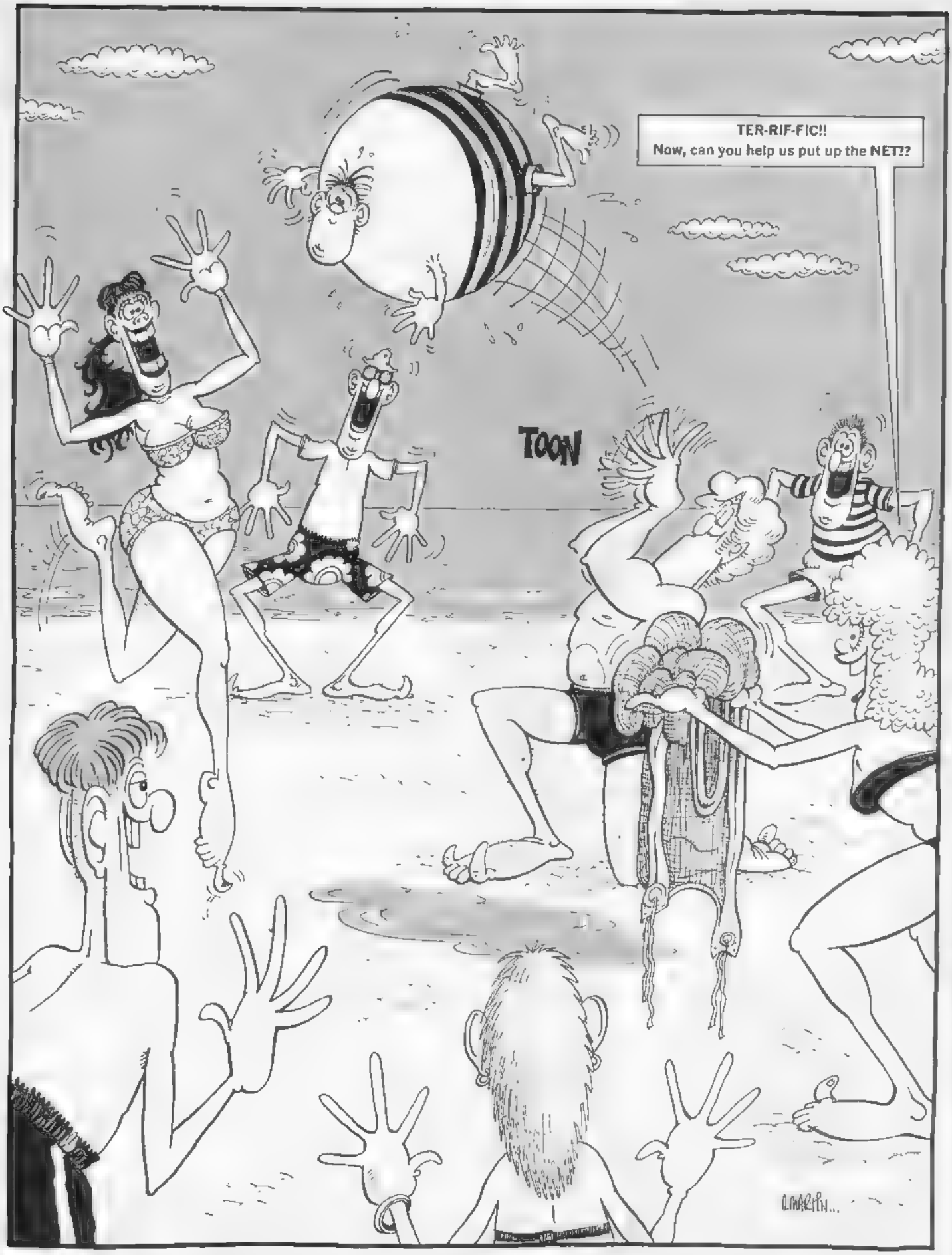


NEXT.
DENTIST

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART I

ONE SUNDAY MORNING ON THE BEACH

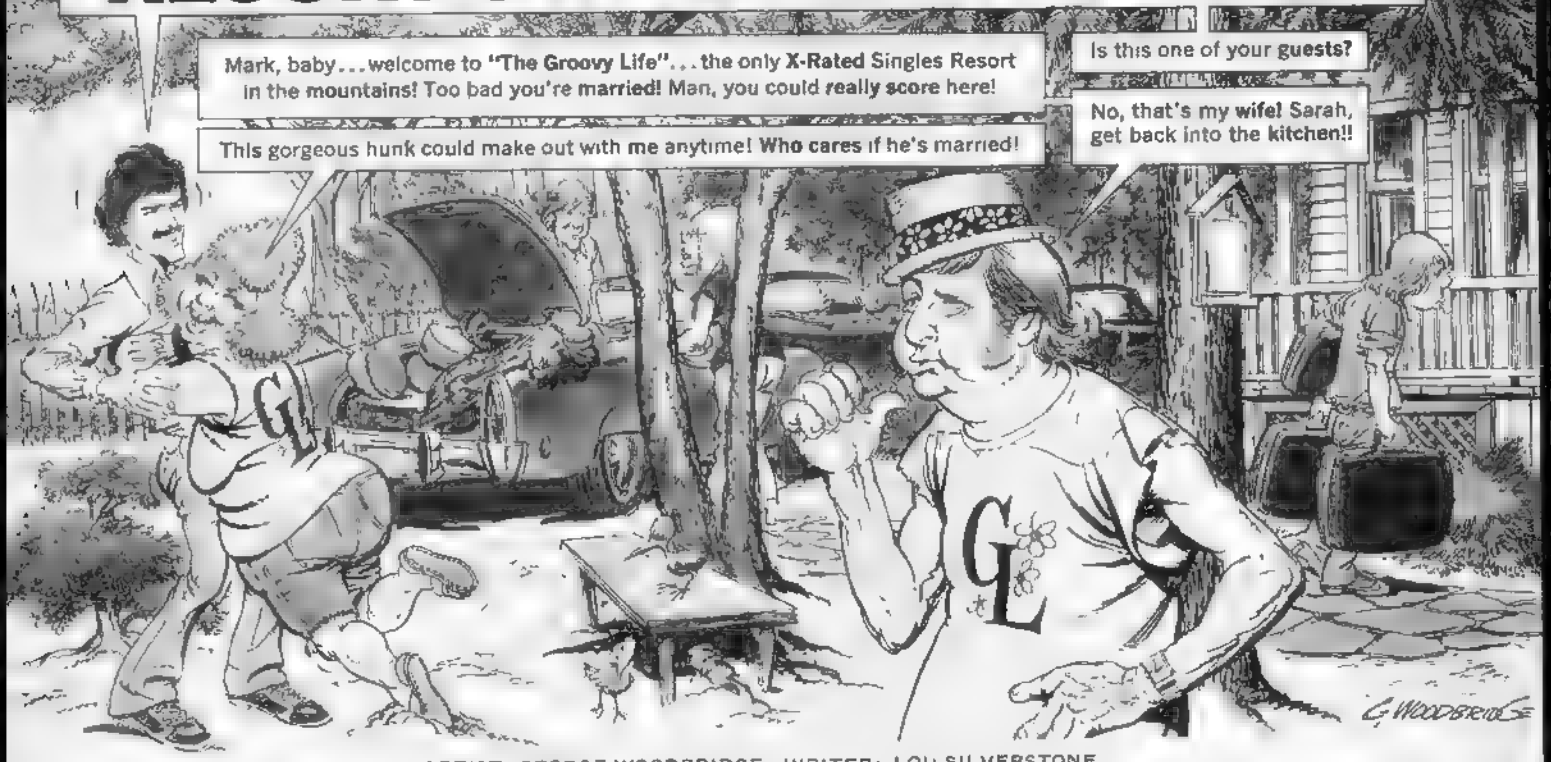



TER-RIF-FIC!!
Now, can you help us put up the NET??
TOON

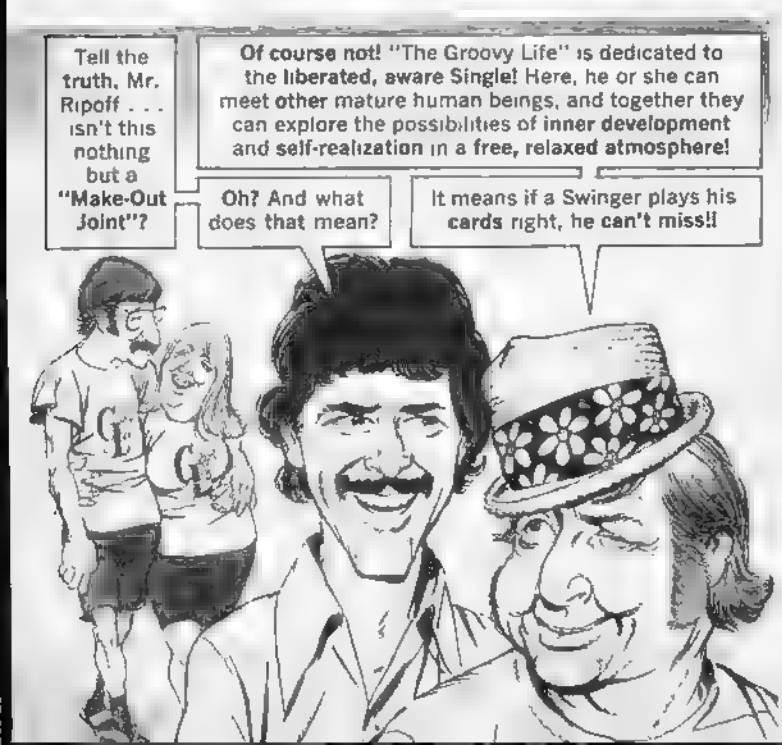
THE MEET RACK DEPT.

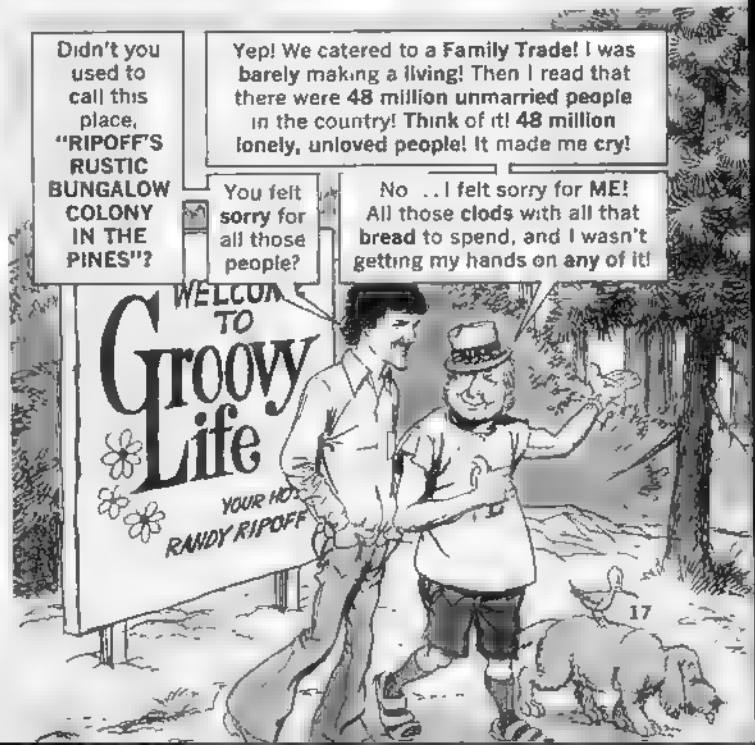
Hi! I'm **Mark Spritz!** I'm famous for being a **Gold Medal Winner!** Unfortunately, I'm also a **Silver coin LOSER!** Mainly, I lost a **toss** with **MAD's Editor**...and now I'm stuck doing one of these **idiotic interviews.** So here I am with my special guest, **Mr. Randolph Ripoff**, who's been chosen

MAD'S "SINGLES ONLY" RESORT OWNER OF THE YEAR



ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE





So, at great personal sacrifice, I converted to "Singles Only"!

What great personal sacrifice?

I hired a Sign Painter to change the name! Sign Painters don't come cheap these days!

. . . And are today's Singles any different from the guests you USED to have here?

Of course! These kids are WITH IT! They're LIBERATED! All we got in the old days were ugly fat Secretaries . . .and homely dull Accountants!

Uh . . .all I can see are ugly fat Secretaries and homely dull Accountants NOW!

May be true! But they're all "Swinging Single" Secretaries and Accountants! What did you expect at a place like this— Joe Namath and Gloria Steinem?

They may look like the same losers, but there's a big difference! See— Madison Avenue discovered the buying power of the Singles, and gave them a new, cool, swinging IMAGE! Just look at the casual way they dress!

It's casual, all right . . . but how come they're all dressed ALIKE??

Well, part of the Swinger's creed is to do whatever is IN! Or, to put it another way, if you want to be a Non-Conformist, you have to CONFORM! And these—er —Non-Conformist Uniforms can only be purchased here . . . exclusively at Ripoff's!

RIPOFF'S
WEAR YOUR OWN THING
BOUTIQUE
SPECIAL NONCONFORMIST CLOTHES FOR THE CHUBBY, HUSKY & HARD-TO-FIT

Well . . .at least they save money! They don't have to buy an expensive wardrobe!

That's what YOU think! I CHANGE the Official Uniform almost every day! Tomorrow, I'm featuring jeans cut off BELOW the knee, and IVY LEAGUE COLLEGE JERSEYS instead of Gag T-Shirts! We'll sell out our stock in a couple of hours!

GLORIA STEINEM HAIRPIECES

SPECIAL ON JOE NAMATH WIGS

BE YOURSELF! WEAR A BURT REYNOLDS MOUSTACHE $6.95

How come all your guests are just sitting around, doing nothing?

What do you mean . . . doing nothing?!? This is our Transcendental Meditation period! They're all seeking inner peace! I find it a big help, too!

But . . . you're not meditating!

Who's got time to meditate?!? As long as they're SITTING there, I don't have to spend money to ENTERTAIN them! And nothing gives me inner peace like saving a buck!!

Do you have **planned activities** or do your guests find ways to **amuse themselves?**

If we didn't tell these Pepsi Generation Swingers what to **do** 24 hours a day, they'd do nothing but **eat!** I figure it's cheaper to **amuse** them than **feed** them! So we offer **real far-out activities** like ping-pong, volley ball, hula hoops, yo-yo's, beer busts, bridge tournaments, Simon says, handball, tennis, shuffleboard, bocce and Mambo Lessons!

They don't **sound** very far out! Most of the other Singles Clubs I know have **wild things** like **Sky Diving** and **Mountain Climbing!**

If any of **these** overweight slobs climbed an **ANTHILL,** they'd **collapse!** But we **do** have a **hot air balloon!** It's the **best** investment I **ever made!** Hop aboard!

Why is this the best investment you ever made? Because it keeps your guests **happy?**

Even **more** important, it keeps them **air sick,** and they can't eat their **dinner!**

Yeah, I see what you **mean!**

Another favorite pastime here is our popular **Grope Encounter Sessions!**

Er—you mean **GROUP** Encounter Sessions!

No, I mean **GROPE!** We put everybody in **one room,** turn the **lights** off and let them **grope!**

Why do you turn the **lights** off? So that everyone will be **less inhibited?**

No . . . so they **won't see** what the person they're **GROPING WITH looks** like!

Dig this! Tonight is **Kung Fu Night!**

Yes! I see that everyone's wearing a **Karate Outfit**—which, I'll bet, you **ALSO** sell in your Boutique!

You're **catching on!**

This is our **Kung Fu Master,** Irving Chiang!

Ah . . . **Greetings, Grasshopper!** Remember that it is written . . . "He who will **not** defend his honor **honorably** will have **no honor** left to **defend!**" Or . . .

Hey, Irving! Save that Fortune Cookie jazz for the **PAYING customers!**

Tell me! Are you a **Black Belt?**

No!

Are you a **Brown Belt?**

No, I'm more like a **Red Suspender!** I used to be a **FIREMAN!** Get it . . . ?

Knock it off, Irv! You're not the **Camp Clown** anymore! You're supposed to be a big **Karate Man!!**

Gee—**sorry,** Mr. Ripoff! I keep forgetting!

Do you **KNOW** anything about **Kung** or **Karate?**

Only what I see on **TV** or in the **movies!**

Then . . . how can you **teach it??**

I don't **HAVE** to know anything! I'm **ORIENTAL!** These jokers figure that makes me an **expert!** So I just leap around and scream, **"YAHH!"** . . . and then we drink **tea,** burn **incense** and discuss **Oriental Philosophy . . .**

We not only develop their **bodies,** but we also hold **rap sessions** to teach these clods to be **Swingers!** C'mon, we'll drop in on our **"Symposium For Self Betterment"** . . . conducted by our specially-trained **Guidance Counselor!**

Oh? Is he a Psychologist?

Who needs a **Psychologist** when I have an **unemployed Brother-In-Law?**

But . . . I thought you said that he was **"specially-trained"?**

He is! He reads **"Cosmopolitan," "Penthouse,"** and **"Playboy"!**

YAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA

Whenever you go to a **Singles Hangout,** never say you've **been there before!** Like . . . it's always your **first time!**

What's a good way to start a **conversation?**

You say . . . **"Hey,** didn't we meet last Summer at **Fire Island?"**

Uh—how about **CONEY Island!**

Never mention Coney Island! That's a **bad scene!** It's like **admitting** you **still live** with your **Mother!**

Gee, it's not **easy** being a Swinger! They got **more rules** than **plain** civilians!

AN ABSOLUTE NO-NO
NEVER SAY YOU'RE FROM QUEENS, JERSEY CITY OR BROOKLYN!!
VOCABULARY
ACCEPTABLE
LET IT ALL HANG OUT!
GROOVY, MAN! YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN!
BETTER
I WANT TO RELATE TO PEOPLE ON A HIGHER LEVEL!
I'M TRYING TO FIND MY TRUE IDENTITY!

Some of your guests seem kind of **OLD** for the **"Singles Scene"!** Don't you have an **age limit!**

You're as **old** as your **Bank Account,** I say! Actually, when the Singles Movement **first began,** anyone over **30** was considered **Establishment!** Now, suddenly, everybody's **30** . . . so the acceptable age for Swingers has been raised to **35!** If it **keeps up,** in twenty more years, we'll have **"Golden Age Singles Clubs"!**

Oh . . . by the way! How about **you,** Sir? Do you have any **children?**

I have a **daughter!** Isn't she a **beauty?** A real **Princess!**

Does she spend any **time** here?

Over **my dead body!** I wouldn't let her set **foot** in one of these body shops! This girl is **different!** She's an **old-fashioned girl!** I want her to marry a **Professional Man!** Hey, maybe you know some nice, eligible men in TV?

Uhmmm— I think I'll be **leaving!** Goodbye, Mr. Ripoff!

How about a **Doctor?** Could you introduce her to **Marcus Welby?** Or maybe his **Assistant . . . ?** Or how about a nice **Lawyer . . . ?** Like **Owen Marshall . . .** or . . . **Hey!** You know **Doc Elliot . . . ??**

This is **Mark Spritz—** signing off for **MAD! Magazine!**

SPOOKING FROM PICTURES DEPT.

Hey, gang, it's time once again for MAD's nutty old "Cliché Monster" game. Here's how it works: Take any familiar phrase or colloquial expression, give it an eerie setting so you create a new type monster, and you're playing it. Mainly, you're . . .

HORRIFYING CLICHÉS

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR. WRITER: MAY SAKAMI

Reviving an OLD CUSTOM

Cooking Up A ALIBI

Initiating A PROGRAM

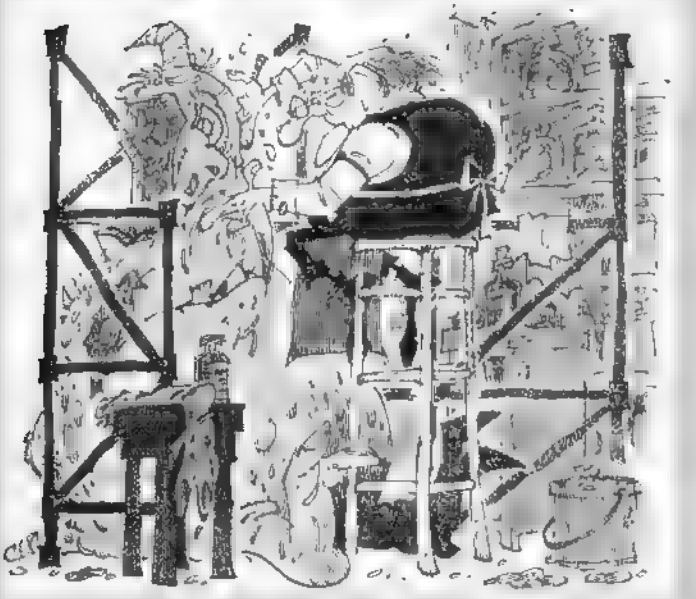
Batting An IDEA Around

Casing A JOINT

Hurling An INVECTIVE

Driving A MEAN BARGAIN

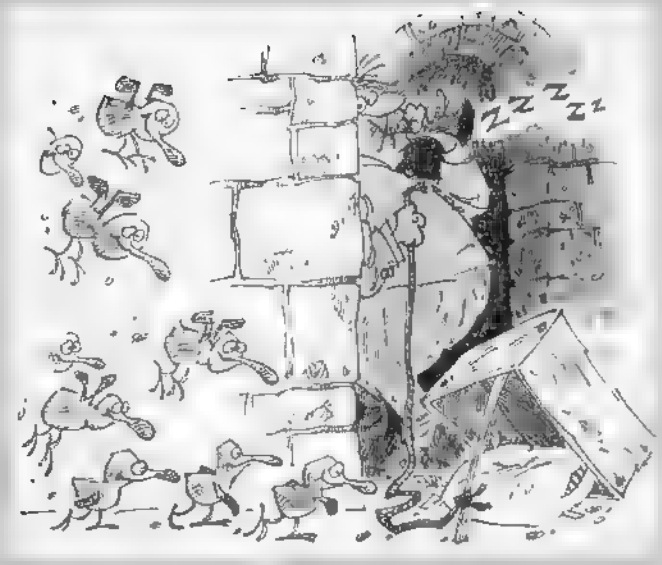
Ushering In An ERA



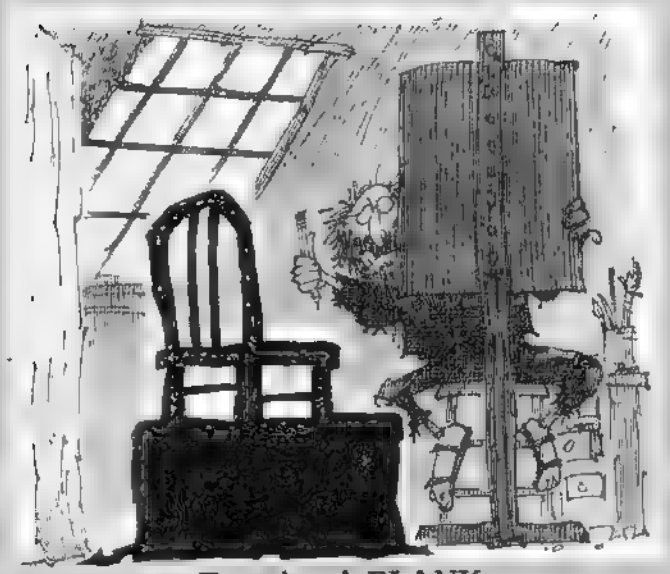
Restoring A CONFIDENCE

Chalking Up A VICTORY

Meeting a CRYING NEED



Catching FORTY WINKS



Drawing A BLANK

Dangling A PARTICIPLE

Going Through A PHASE

Redressing A WRONG

Every day the newspapers are printing more stories about President Nixon's impeachment, and every day clods like us have to digest masses of quotes, charges, denials and garbage. Wouldn't it be nice

MAD'S ALL-INCLUSI

IMPEAC
NEWSPAP

Speaking _____(1)_____ of

declared today that the impeachment of P

The statement, which was_____(

_____(7)_____ with _____

_____(9)_____ _____(1

Asked for comment, a White Hous

1

to a group
at a caucus
to unruly mobs
at a nude wedding
at a raffle
to the keepers
despite the threats
to the boredom
to a fan club
at a Bar Mitzvah
over the heads
beyond the hearing range

2

G.O.P. Congressmen
Democratic lawmakers
newsmen
black militants
White House "Plumbers"
typhoid carriers
wife-swappers
John Dean's schoolmates
Capricorns
gay liberationists
Pennsylvania shepherds
schizophrenics

5

cheered
denied
detested
repeated for laughs
translated into Urdu
heard and forgotten
shown to G. Gordon Liddy
called a darling idea
relayed via satellite
sung to the tune of "Swanee"
secretly bugged
passed on by kissing

6

by Presidential critics
by Presidential supporters
in the Oval Office
by John Wayne
by Dan Rather
in the Senate men's room
by the KGB
in a Denver trailer court
on "Let's Make a Deal"
by every dwarf but Sneezy
by the Washington Redskins
by a Fresno streaker

7

John Mitchell
E. Howard Hunt
H.R. Haldeman
Bebe Rebozo
Robert Vesco
Alice Cooper
life on Saturn
Andrew Johnson
the Russian grain deal
recent earthquakes
Agnew's golf game
Darwin's theory

8

Watergate
the erased tapes
the Dirty Tricks squad
Nixon's unpaid taxes
David Eisenhower
Martha Mitchell
cancer
Linda Lovelace
toe fungus
Evers and Chance
obesity
Comet Kohoutek

to have one news story instead of the hundreds we're now forced to wade through? Well, consider it done. Simply fill in the numbered blanks from the corresponding numbered lists, and you'll have . . .

VE DO-IT-YOURSELF

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

HMENT
ER STORY

——— (2) ———, ——— (3) ———

sident Nixon ——— (4) ———.

(5) ——— ——— (6) ———, linked

(8) ——— and alleged that the President

(9) ——— as far back as ——— (11) ———.

spokesman ——— (12) ———.

3

Rep. Peter Rodino
Vice President Ford
Sen. Sam Ervin
Harold Stassen
an IBM computer
the Kim sisters
an obscene phone-caller
John-boy Walton
Marley's ghost
a trained mynah
a man in a funny hat
a lovely guy named Phil

4

is a certainty
will fail by two votes
will become a TV series
is fattening
will ruin Billy Graham
will bring back vaudeville
can cause rabies
will unify Costa Rica
sure beats working
was predicted by Nostradamus
will be rated PG
may replace sex

9

knew about
was covering up
chose to ignore
had no knowledge of
blamed Pakistan for
ped with Bob Dylan about
utterly adored
mped up and down about
nsulted an exorcist about
told David Frye about
cussed at a summit meeting
went into trance over

10

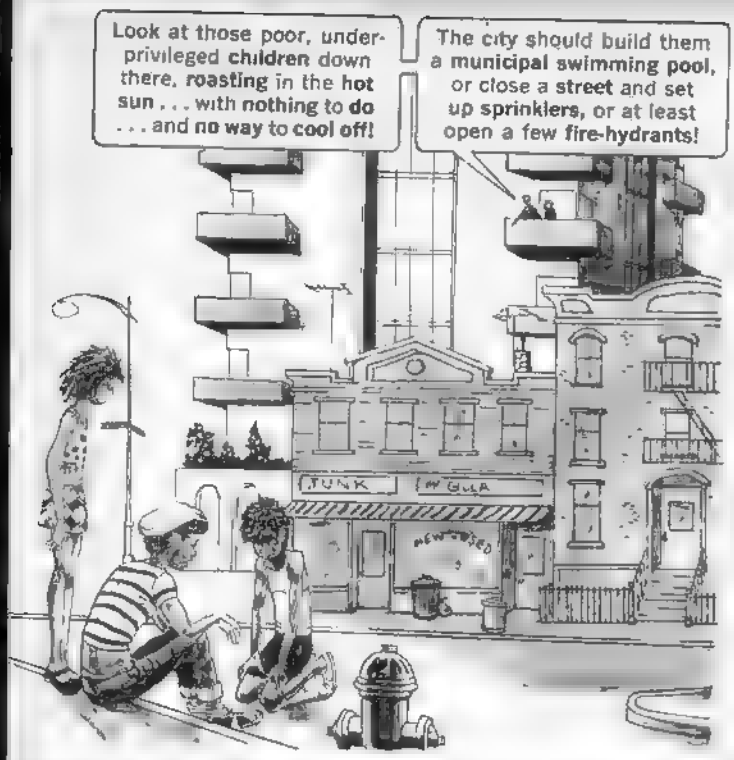
the break-in
the cover-up
his land deals
an embarrasing hickey
George Allen's game plan
Kosygin's bad breath
Rebozo's tailor
his I.T.T. dividends
graffiti on Air Force One
Kissinger's accent
Key Biscayne speed freaks
Pat's selling her cloth coat

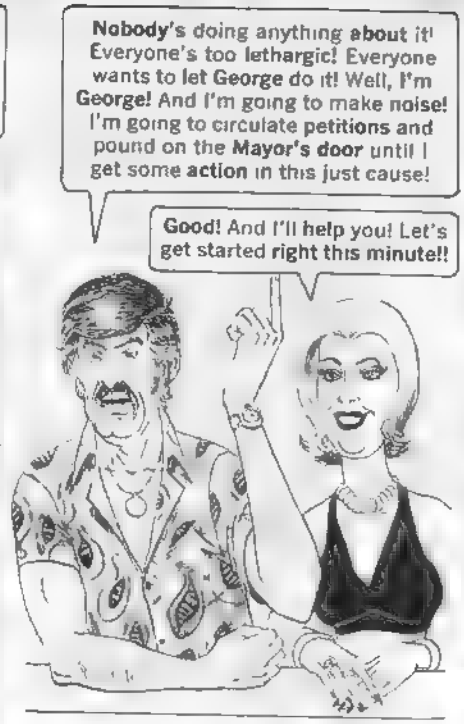
11

September 3, 1972
April 10, 1973
Tricia's wedding
FDR's third term
his Checkers speech
Hunt's first novel
his lawyers can remember
the 1972 Super Bowl
a previous lifetime
Teapot Dome
his first attack of amnesia
the Crusades

12

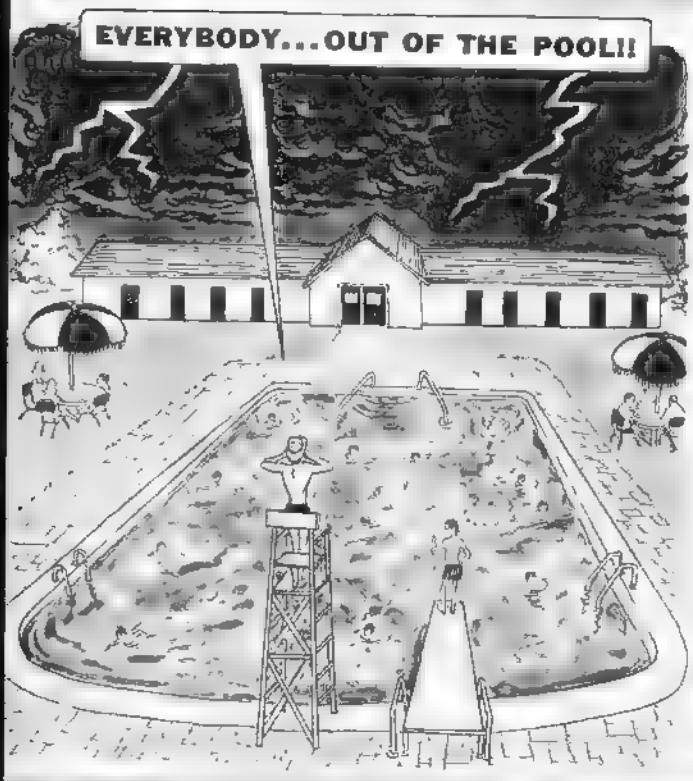
denied the charge
could not be found
took the Fifth Amendment
resigned
threw up
went bananas
said he was George Plimpton
defected
locked himself in the bathroom
whistled "Dixie"
got stoned
was given last rites





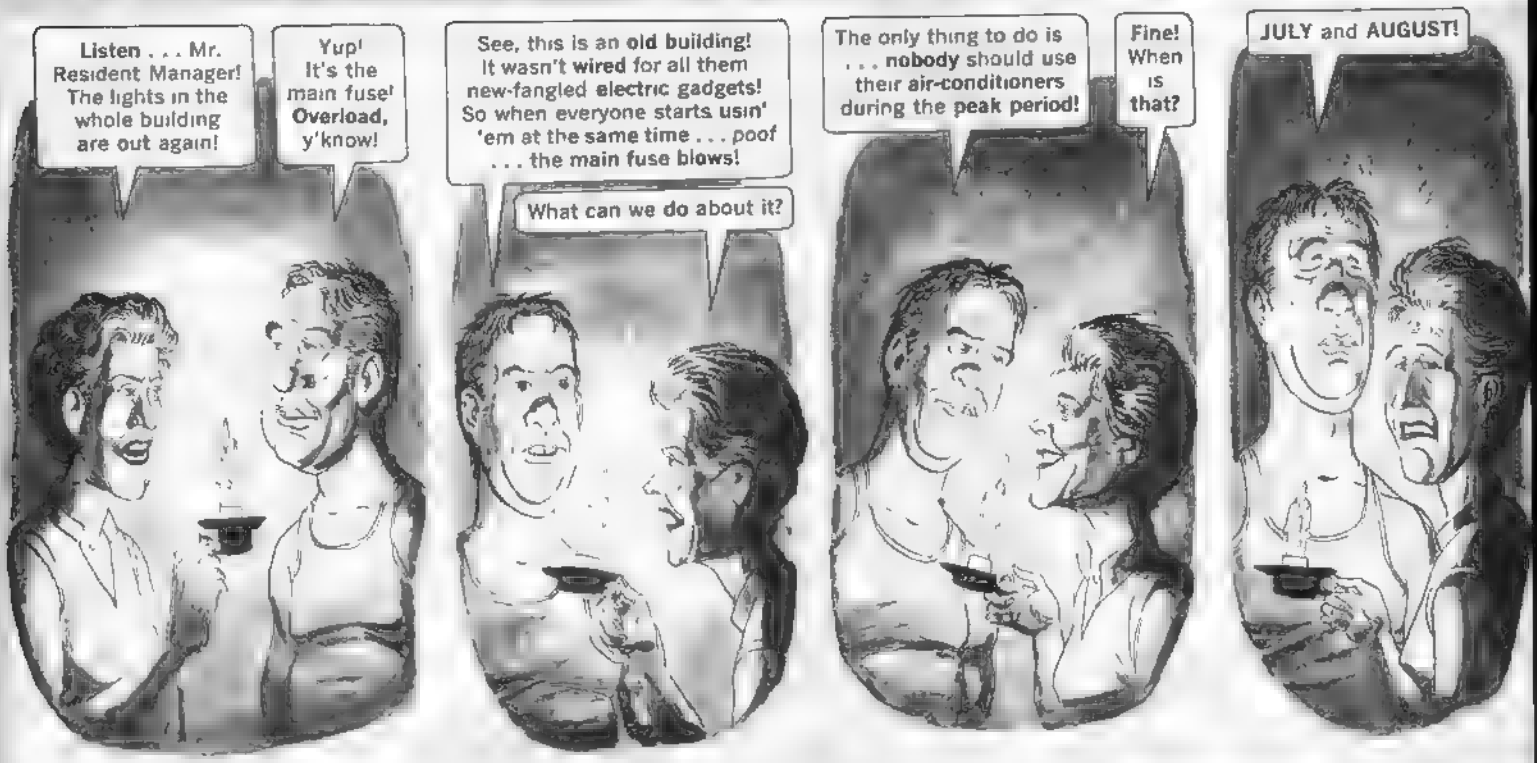
BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF... HOT



WEATHER

ARTIST & WRITER · DAVE BERG



The sun sure is bright out there! I need a pair of sunglasses!
We have a very large selection here . . .
DRU
Oh, THESE are attractive!
Yes, but they're not very practical! They won't protect your eyes as well as the plain Polaroids will!
What it finally comes down to is: Do you want to be ATTRACTIVE or PRACTICAL?
PRACTICAL, of course!
That's why I'll take the ATTRACTIVE pair!
Hey, kid! You're NEW around here, huh?
Yeah! My Dad's on his Summer vacation, and we're spending it—living in this fantastic house!
Oh, yeah! That's where I live! My house can be cooled down to fifty degrees with its central air conditioning! My house can sleep fifteen comfortably . . .
. . . and my house can be sold for 70 thousand dollars!
What can YOUR house do?
Seventy miles an hour on the Freeway!
Are you crazy or something?!? Why are you buying "Ant and Roach Spray," "House & Garden Insecticide" and "Fly Killer"?
Because bugs come out when it's hot and—Oh, I forgot! You're an "Ecology Nut"!!
Am I a "Nut" to value life above all things?!? Am I a "Nut" to be concerned about the balance of Nature . . .?!?
Maybe you're right! I DID hear that aerosol insecticides can be dangerous to people!
It's the Insect Cycle I'M worried about! As far as PEOPLE are concerned, they can all go to HELL!

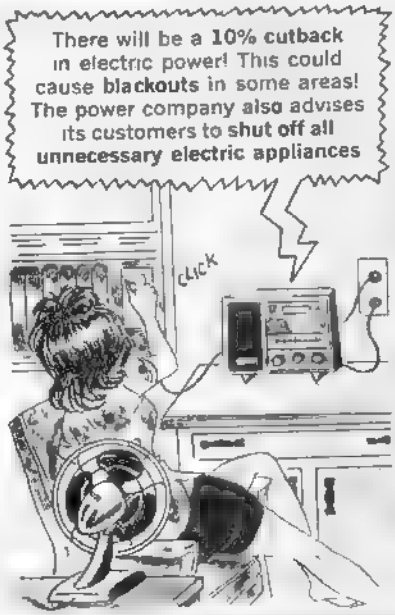
Whew! What a day it's been! The office air conditioners were on full blast, and I STILL sweated like a pig!

I can't wait to get out of these drenched clothes . . .

. . . into something cool . . .

. . . and onto the courts for a few quick sets of tennis!

And now for the weather! There is no break in sight for this current heat wave! The power company reports a dangerous overload due to excessive use of air conditioners! Therefore—

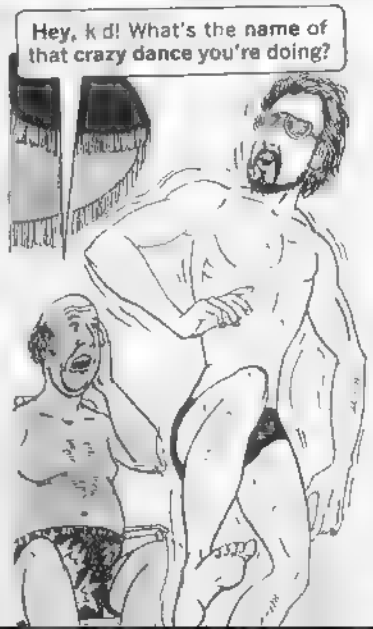

There will be a 10% cutback in electric power! This could cause blackouts in some areas! The power company also advises its customers to shut off all unnecessary electric appliances
click

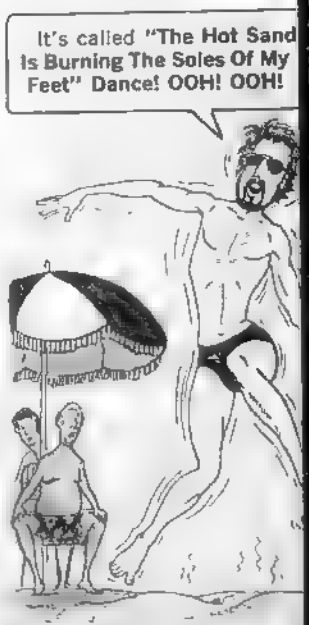
including your radio!

Stay tuned for further reports!

Look at those crazy kids! Every week it's another new dance!
If you think THEY'RE crazy, look at this nut over here!

OOH! OOH! OOH! OOH!


Hey, kid! What's the name of that crazy dance you're doing?


It's called "The Hot Sand Is Burning The Soles Of My Feet" Dance! OOH! OOH!

That chintzy, cheap, paper decoration is hideous!

That is not a decoration! That gets rid of flies!

Actually, that hideous paper decoration is only a cover for the chemically-treated plastic strip inside!

Really? But, how does it work?

YOU'RE the Chemistry Major! YOU tell ME!

Okay . . . I WILL . . .

The fly takes one look at that hideous thing . . . and LEAVES!!

Oh, boy! What a NIGHT!!

It was hot and muggy . . . and the bugs were biting . . . and my heat rash was itching . . .

and then this guy started following me around, telling me how BEAUTIFUL I was!

It was the GREATEST NIGHT of my LIFE!!

I don't know what's worse! This beastly hot weather, or the constant repetition of—

Don't say it! If I hear it one more time, I'll SCREAM!!

Hi! Isn't it just awful?! Y'know, it's not the HEAT . . . it's the HUMIDITY!

Y A A A A H H H H !

Y'know, it's NOT the heat! And it's NOT the humidity! It's all that SCREAMING!!

Alfred's Poor ALMANAC

AUGUST

FRI 16	Nine-year-old Nelly Markell is trapped in Pillsbury bag, becomes first flour child, 1966
SUN 18	TODAYY MARCS THE THE ONE HUNDEDTH AND TWUNTY THERD ANNAVERSURY OF THE FOUNDINGG OF WESTURN UNION
TUES 20	At 3:18 today the planet Neptune will call it quits
THURS 22	Marc Antony meets Cleopatra's mother, announces he's discovered the mouth of the Nile, 42 B.C.
SAT 24	Today is the first day of the rest of your life! But so was yesterday, and you didn't do anything about it then! SO NO?
MON 26	When two egotists meet, they generally see I to I
WED 28	You can tell when dogs have their early-morning walks by the "do" on the grass.
FRI 30	Archaeologist Chauncey Windrush quits his job when he realizes his career is in ruins, 1933.
THURS 15	MAD No. 170 goes on sale. Publisher predicts issue will be sold out.
SAT 17	Psychiatrist Kurt Zeitgeist arrested for wearing lingerie, explains it's a Freudian slip, 1904.
MON 19	Harry Schmeer wins "National Standing on Head Competition" hands down, 1948.
WED 21	King Henry II orders his jesters to work 24 hours a day so he'll always have his wits about him, 1161
FRI 23	A flag bearer who goofs on the job usually sets a poor standard.
SUN 25	Sean Connery's birthday. Chums give him a worthless debenture, figuring one retired Bond deserves another.
27	Philadelphia Eagles added to endangered species list, 1972
THURS 29	Today marks the 18th anniversary of Leona Grimble's first hickey.
SAT 31	Snow White turns on with the dwarfs at Disney World, winds up feeling Dopey, 1973.

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

SEPTEMBER

MON 2	Martha Mitchell's birthday. Don't buy her anything for her bathroom as her John is out of order.
WED 4	Floss e LaRue of midtown Manhattan named All Pro eighth year in a row, 1970.
FRI 6	Man who falls in blast furnace is certain to feel overwrought.
SUN 8	God calls an audible at the Red Sea, sends Moses through center, 1271 B.C.
TUES 10	Harry Houdini refuses to see visitors while working, says he's tied up for the day, 1920
THURS 12	8th consecutive homely king takes Spanish throne, proving the reign in Spain falls mainly to the plain, 1871
SAT 14	Book publisher turns down "Pinocchio," claiming there's too many strings attached, 1882
MON 16	Electric fans fail to work during Macy's Summer Clearance, taking the wind out of their sales, 1936.
WED 18	Disaster. Disaster. Disaster. Disaster. Disaster. Disaster. Disaster. Disaster. Disaster. Disaster.
FRI 20	Cortez pillages Montezuma's cities, enslaves his people, rapes his women, robs his gold, 1520.
SUN 22	William Schmeedle sees 9 foot high, purple-striped monster in Alaska, is told it's an optical illusion, 1963
TUES 24	Bagpipe player Angus Haggis runs naked on 90th birthday, says he wanted one more highland fling, 1932
THURS 26	Gardner Fenwick Birnbaum loses fight against crab grass, throws in the trowel, 1944.
SAT 28	Euclid discovers the zero, realizes that it's all for naught, 310 B.C.
MON 30	Wladimir Ziytzmk deposits three billion zlotys in Warsaw bank, sets new Pole vault record, 1927
SUN 1	Pierre LaFite, history's first Criminologist, discovers rigor mortis is a dead giveaway, 1712.
TUES 3	Piccolo players picket N.Y. Philharmonic, demand a higher scale, 1955
THURS 5	Raquel Welch's birthday. Which may explain why today is a total bust.
SAT 7	Shoplifter Ina Quigley sentenced to month in jail for stealing mink stole, complains she got bum wrap, 1951
MON 9	Vampires travel fast because they take the main arteries.
WED 11	Julius Caesar announces Rome has too many soothsayers, declares an excess prophets tax, 46 B.C. X%!
FRI 13	Amy Twiggert changes from Maxwell House to Yuban, says she's tired of the same old grind, 1970.
SUN 15	Al Iggly teaches pet bird 4 letter words, is charged with contributing to the delinquency of a mynah, 1949
TUES 17	You can count on tomorrow being a day full of disasters
THURS 19	Kennel owner Waldo Smeetz feeds dogs rotten meat, is forced to put down boxer rebellion, 1940.
SAT 21	Montezuma invents the runs, 1520.
MON 23	Mickey Rooney's birthday. Don't buy him an expensive gift; any little something will do.
WED 25	Harry Swagg arrives at party two hours late, discovers he's been beaten to the punch, 1950
FRI 27	Magellan tries to sail around South America, finds himself in desperate straits, 1520
SUN 29	Architect Andy Mangold fails to win first prize in Fancy Home competition, settles for Honorable Mansion, 1950

OCTOBER

TUES 1	Myrtle Carstairs orders strawberries in restaurant, realizes later that it was a rash decision, 1966.
WED 2	MAD No. 170 goes off sale. Angry newsstand dealers tell publisher they've been sold out!

DETOURING THE PARKS' WAY DEPT.

Each September, you can count on three sure things: The leaves will start to fall, the football season will begin, and Bert Parks will host "The Miss America Beauty Pageant." Now, there's not much we can do about the first two, but there *is* something we can do

IF OTHER CELEBRITIES HOSTED

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

Like...BOBBY RIGGS...

Before we crown **Miss America**, let's put an end to the rumors that I'm a **Male Chauvinist!** Actually I have the **highest regard** for women . . .

And now . . . the finalists! The **Second Runner-Up** is the blonde with the wild boom-booms, **Miss Massachusetts!**

And the **First Runner-Up** is the bimbo from Denver . . . **Miss Colorado!** You got **fantastic legs,** honey!

Which means **Miss America** is that **great hunk of stuff** from **Nevada—Flossie May Greebleman!**

So put on that **big empty grin** of yours, swing your torso down the **runway** and don't mind if the guys up front **paw** you a little! That's what your **body** is **for!** Meanwhile, I'll sing:

**Hello, girlie!*
Well, hello, girlie!
We all groove your Miss America routine!
You've grabbed the plum, girlie,
'Cause you're dumb, girlie—
Not some screechin' libber preachin' like she's Billie Jean!

Don't sing or act, girlie!
Just stay stacked, girlie,
It's your body not your talent we applaud,
So—
Wiggle that stuff, girlie!
Hang in there tough, girlie!
Girlie, you're the country's fav'rite broad!

MASSACHUSETTS

MISS NEVADA

COLORADO

MISS TEXAS

* Sung to the tune of "*Hello, Dolly*"

about Bert Parks. Mainly, we can replace him (and while we're at it, that idiotic *"There She Is . . . Miss America!"* song) with someone more interesting. Anybody would be an improvement, as you will see in this next article which shows what could happen . . .

"THE MISS AMERICA PAGEANT"

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

And...JANE FONDA...

Our **Third Runner-Up** is **Miss Illinois** . obviously a pawn of **Mayor Daley** and his gang of **Chicago Blackshirts!**

Our **Second** Runner-Up is **Miss West Virginia,** a typical product of the **System,** who stands there, **smirking,** while thousands of people in her State are **dying of malnutrition!**

Our **First** Runner-Up is **Miss Utah!** The **bathing suit** she's wearing costs **twice as much** as the **average weekly wage** of a **persecuted Navajo!**

And here she is . . **Miss America** . **Betty Lou Bibble, Miss Kansas** . . . whose father's **tax dollars** contribute to the U.S. policy of **Imperialistic genocide** which has taken the lives of **half a million peace-loving Viet Cong guerillas!**

Now, get out there and do your little goose step, you pig, while I sing . . .

**The winner we're choosing,*
it's clear to see,
Exemplifies fascist
hy-poc-ri-sy!
Her beauty we revere,
While oppressed
migrant workers
go hungry each year!

We sing out her praises
and cheer her on,
While murdering thugs
run the Pentagon!
Her we're naming
And acclaiming
While Cambodian peasants
we're maiming!

A tool
Nixon's
using!
The
winner
we're
choosing
Will be!

*** Sung to the tune of *"The Girl That I Marry"***

WED BEHIND THE YEARS DEPT.

YOU KNOW YOU MAR MUCH TOO YOUNG/O

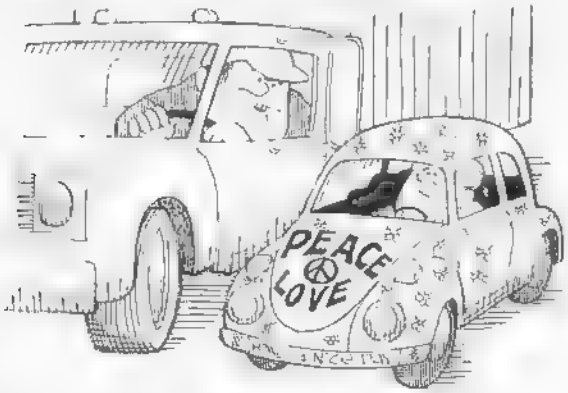
YOU KNOW YOU MARRIED A GAL WHO'S MUCH TOO YOUNG FOR YOU WHEN...

. . . the band she picked for your Wedding refuses to play a Waltz.

YOU KNOW YOU MARRIED A GUY WHO'S MUCH TOO OLD FOR YOU WHEN...

. . he objects to what you grow in your garden.

YOU KNOW YOU MARRIED A GAL WHO'S MUCH TOO YOUNG FOR YOU WHEN...

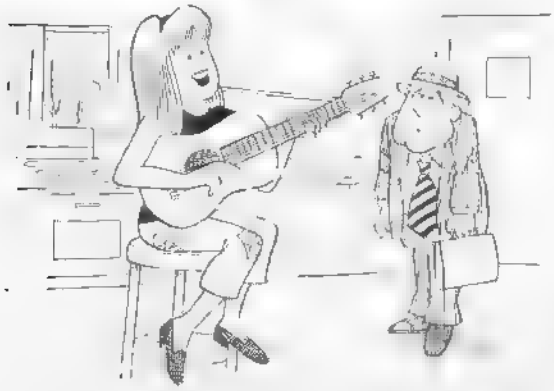


. . . your Manhood and Patriotism are questioned . . . just because you happen to be driving her car to work one day.

YOU KNOW YOU MARRIED A GUY WHO'S MUCH TOO OLD FOR YOU WHEN...

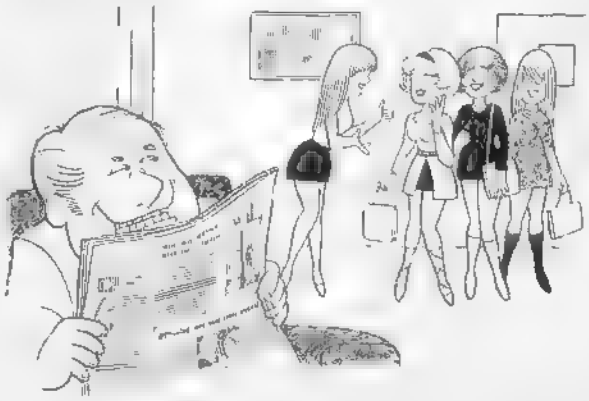
. . . he's constantly upset . . . having to explain that you're his Wife, not his Daughter, dammit!

YOU KNOW YOU MARRIED A GAL WHO'S MUCH TOO YOUNG FOR YOU WHEN...



. . . you come home from a hard day to find that dinner isn't ready . . . but she's learned three new Folk Songs.

YOU KNOW YOU MARRIED A GUY WHO'S MUCH TOO OLD FOR YOU WHEN...



. . . he stays home on his Bowling night because he knows that a bunch of your friends are coming over.

RIED A GAL/GUY WHO'S
LD FOR YOU WHEN...

ARTIST & WRITER: LLOYD GOLA

YOU KNOW YOU MARRIED A GAL WHO'S MUCH TOO YOUNG FOR YOU WHEN...

. . . the clock-radio is always set on her station.

YOU KNOW YOU MARRIED A GUY WHO'S MUCH TOO OLD FOR YOU WHEN...

. . he's got more in common with your Mother than with you.

YOU KNOW YOU MARRIED A GAL WHO'S MUCH TOO YOUNG FOR YOU WHEN...

. you're studying the wine list in a very plush restaurant, and she asks you to order a bottle of "Boone's Farm Strawberry Hill"

YOU KNOW YOU MARRIED A GUY WHO'S MUCH TOO OLD FOR YOU WHEN...

. . you have to shovel the snow, because he's afraid that it would be a strain on his heart

YOU KNOW YOU MARRIED A GAL WHO'S MUCH TOO YOUNG FOR YOU WHEN...

. . . in an effort to share her interests, you attend your very first Rock Concert . . . and you find that the fans are a bunch of loud-mouthed, obnoxious, screaming morons.

YOU KNOW YOU MARRIED A GUY WHO'S MUCH TOO OLD FOR YOU WHEN...

. . . in an effort to share his interests, you attend your very first Pro Football game . . . and find that the fans are a bunch of loud-mouthed, obnoxious, screaming morons

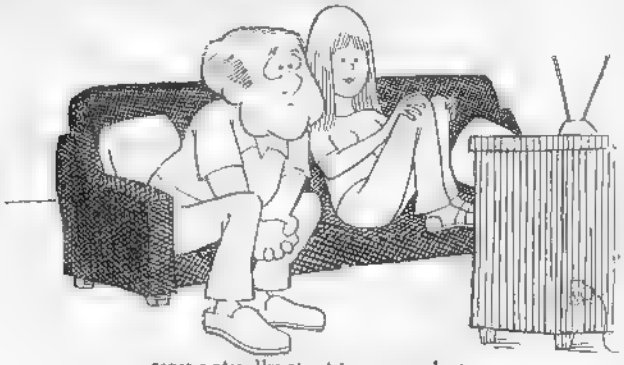
YOU KNOW YOU MARRIED A GAL WHO'S MUCH TOO YOUNG FOR YOU WHEN...

. . . she bugs you to quit smoking so you won't get cancer.

YOU KNOW YOU MARRIED A GUY WHO'S MUCH TOO OLD FOR YOU WHEN...

. . . he bugs you to quit smoking so you won't get busted.

YOU KNOW YOU MARRIED A GAL WHO'S MUCH TOO YOUNG FOR YOU WHEN...

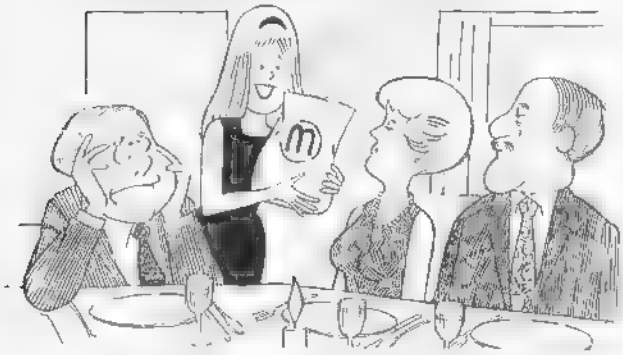


. . . you actually start to care what happens on "The Partridge Family."

YOU KNOW YOU MARRIED A GUY WHO'S MUCH TOO OLD FOR YOU WHEN...

. . . he informs you that you can no longer wear those short dresses that used to turn him on when you were just dating.

YOU KNOW YOU MARRIED A GAL WHO'S MUCH TOO YOUNG FOR YOU WHEN...



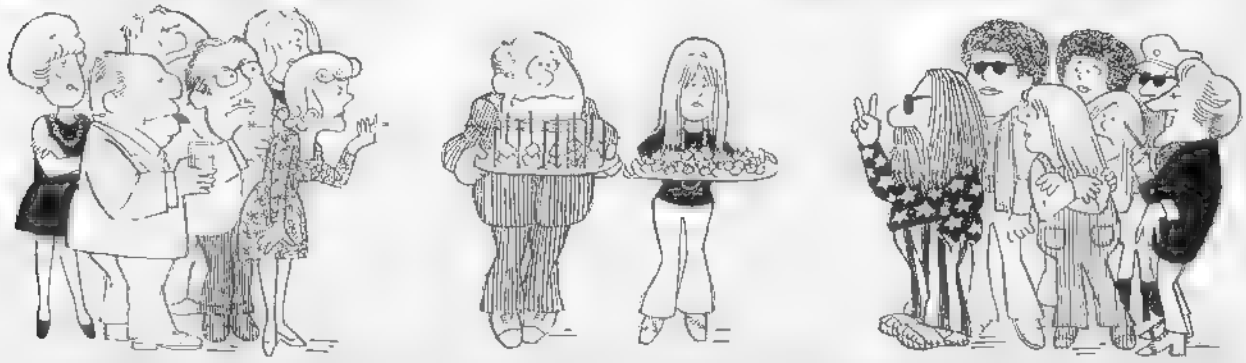
. . . you invite your Boss and his Wife over for dinner, and she serves McDonald's "Big Macs."

YOU KNOW YOU MARRIED A GUY WHO'S MUCH TOO OLD FOR YOU WHEN...

. . . you have your first argument because he refuses to take you to a real "fun place" on your vacation.

YOU KNOW YOU MARRIED A GAL WHO'S MUCH TOO YOUNG FOR YOU WHEN...

YOU KNOW YOU MARRIED A GUY WHO'S MUCH TOO OLD FOR YOU WHEN...



. . . you throw a house party . . . and it turns out to be a confrontation between your friends and that idiot generation.

There is one gnawing suspicion that begins to grow within everyone who has spent a few days in a hospital. It's that vague feeling that the members of the staff are engaged in a giant conspiracy of indifference, incompetence and inhumanity calculated to make patients suffer as much aggravation, worry and discomfort as possible. Of course, there never has been any proof to substantiate a claim that hospitals deliberately set out to make us feel more miserable than necessary for longer than necessary. At least . . . until now! By accident, MAD has come into possession of a damaging little booklet that no layman is ever supposed to see. For the satisfaction (and possible legal use) of those who have suffered the slings and arrows of outrageous hospitalization, we herewith reprint a part of the diabolical pamphlet that confirms even our wildest suspicions.

FOR THE HEALING PROFESSIONS ONLY

Sales to Laymen Absolutely Forbidden

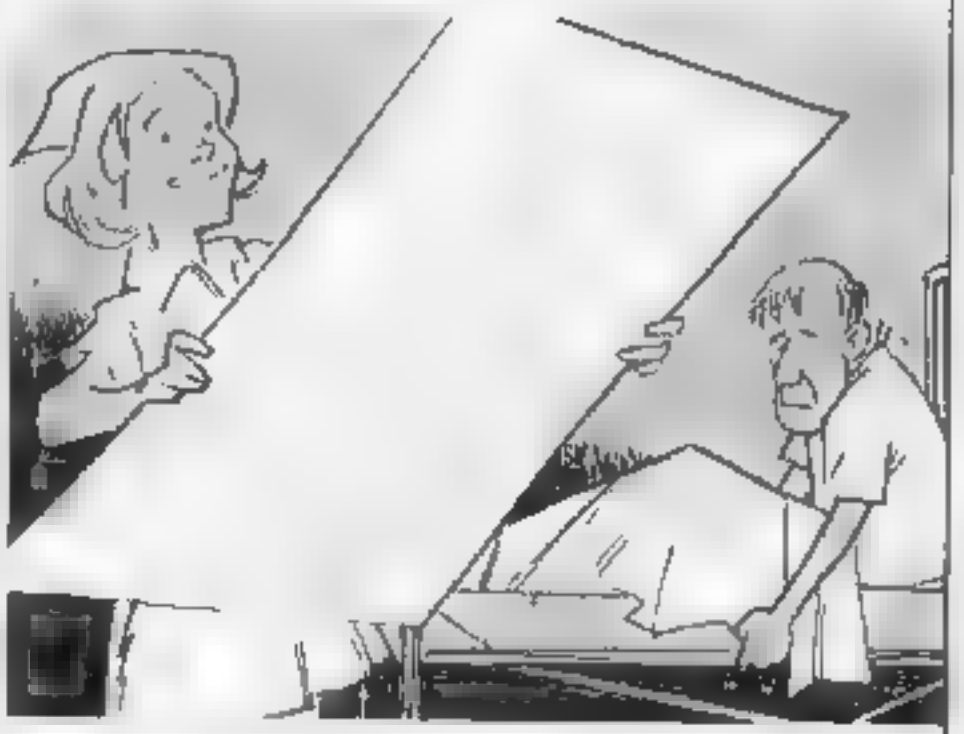
ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: TOM KOCH

SIMULATED GALLSTONES. There's never a need to fear that unnecessary gall bladder surgery may lead to malpractice suits when you keep a supply of these convincing fakes on hand to show victims afterward. Made of finest hand polished gravel, and then pickled in brine to give them that authentic "medical" look.

374—"PICKLED PEBBLE" BRAND PHONY GALLSTONES . $2.69 quart (Specify color desired: Sickly Grey, Bloody Red, Festered Yellow)

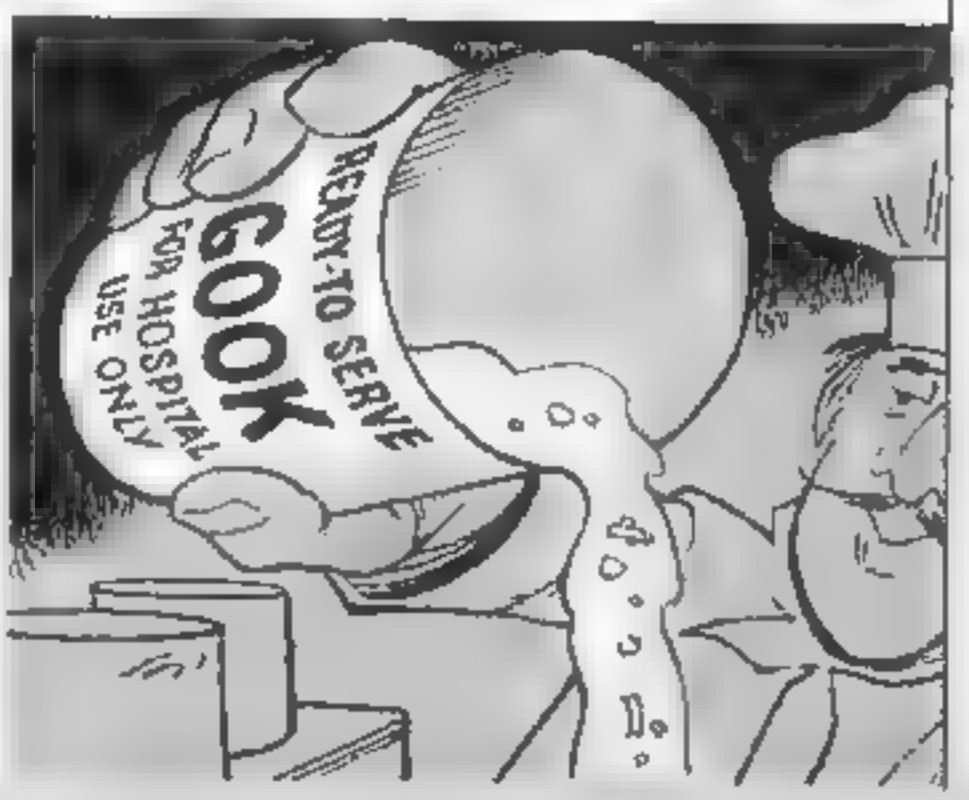
MAKE PATIENTS THINK YOU SUPPLY CLEAN BED LINEN REGULARLY with a dazzling display of our finest new laundry bag carts. Even the most skeptical will never guess that you merely rip dirty sheets off one bed and put them on another when they see hallways filled with these rubber-tired, sanitary looking beauties.

921—DIRTY-LINEN-IN-PUBLIC CARTS . . . . . $49.95 dozen
921A—SAME, BUT WITH CAST IRON WHEELS FOR NIGHT USE . . $69.95 dozen



STIFF, STARCHED BED SHEETS. Supplement patient agony with bed sores induced by lying on these rigid beauties. Specially made for hospital use of coarse, bleached hemp fiber. Permanent starch will never weaken, even in institutions that launder their linen occasionally.

273—PATENTED "FLESHSCRAPER" BRAND BED SHEETS . . . . . $3.50 ea.



CANNED FLOOR SWEEPINGS IN CREAM SAUCE. The ideal hospital food budget stretcher. Thick, gooey texture makes this crud look just like those unidentifiable vegetables you've been serving to inmates all along, yet it costs much less than real food. Guaranteed to silence complaints about greasy veal cutlets and dry harvard beets, which will suddenly taste rather good by comparison.

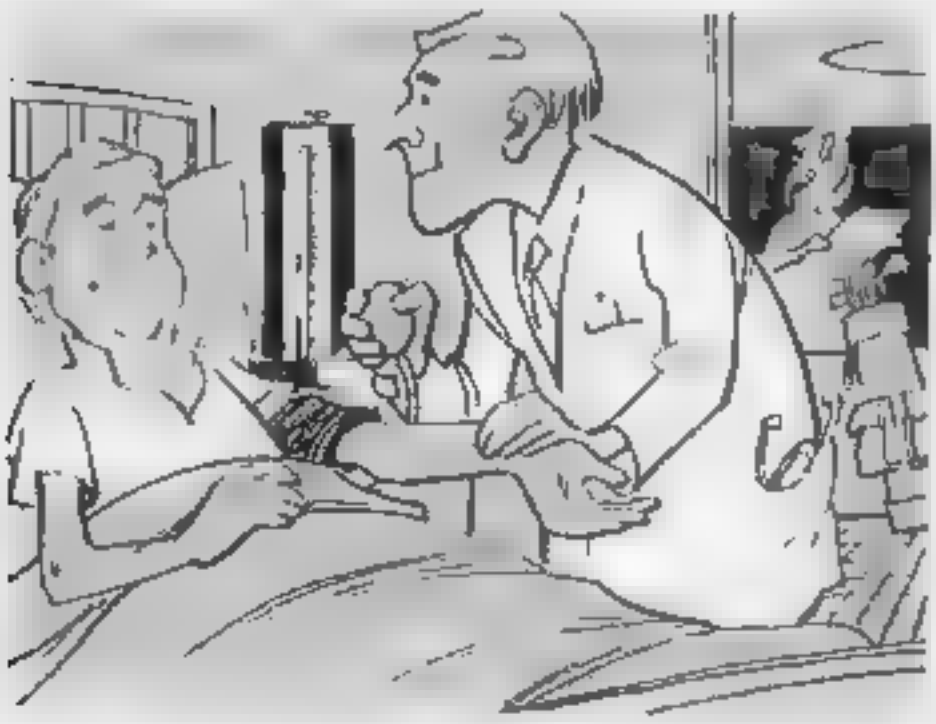
781—CREAMED FLOOR SWEEPINGS (No. 2 Cans) . . . . . $7.75 per gross

RECONDITIONED AMBULANCE SIREN. Why spend thousands on a whole ambulance just to awaken sleeping patients with those fake 3 A.M. emergency runs? Create the same jarring effect cheaply by having a night janitor run around the building with one of these authentic sirens. All were removed from real ambulances to conform with new noise pollution laws, and are on sale at discount for quick clearance.

877—"SCREAMING EAGLE" AMBULANCE SIREN $27.50

REVERSIBLE HOSPITAL GOWNS. There's no cause for alarm when patients accidentally put these shapeless draw-string creations on backwards, as each is guaranteed to leave something embarrassing exposed no matter how it is worn. Available in all popular styles: Wide gap, Wider gap and Falling off completely.

616—DOUBLE EXPOSURE HOSPITAL GOWNS . . . . $7.35 dozen



BLOOD PRESSURE GAUGE IS REALLY A BAROMETER! Amazing device enables doctors to pretend they are examining patients while actually checking weather conditions for afternoon golf game. Precision mechanism foretells rain, hurricanes, monsoons and most other natural phenomena, except death from high blood pressure.

347—GOLFER'S PAL MEDICAL BAROMETER $19.95
347A—DELUXE MODEL AUTOGRAPHED BY JACK NICKLAUS $24.95

FAKE INTRAVENOUS FEEDING EQUIPMENT. Ideal for hospitals that get lots of complaints about serving creamed chipped beef twice a day. Just wheel one of those authentic looking outfits into a room and watch patients eagerly gobble whatever they're served. Made of inexpensive cardboard and plastic, but comes with extra long needle to let inmates know what's in store for them if they refuse to eat.

814—INTIMIDATING INTRAVENOUS OUTFIT . . . . . $9.75 per set

MIRACLE CHILL RUBBING ALCOHOL. Thanks to modern science, back rubs can now be as excruciating as everything else done to people in your hospital. Amazing new ingredient (dry ice) keeps this alcohol at least 80 degrees below body temperature, even on hottest summer days. Helps maintain patient discipline by making a rub-down a feared torture rather than an enjoyable reward.

5516—MIRACLE CHILL ALCOHOL . . . . . $1.19 per gallon

TURN DEADBEAT VISITORS INTO PAYING PATIENTS by polishing your hospital floors with Slide-Glo Wax. Buffs vinyl surface to a slippery shine that helps you quickly fill up those vacant beds with fracture victims. Yet Slide-Glo leaves floors completely safe for staff members, assuming you've outfitted them with deck shoes.

944—SLIDE-GLO HOSPITAL FLOOR WAX . . . . . $31.50 per drum

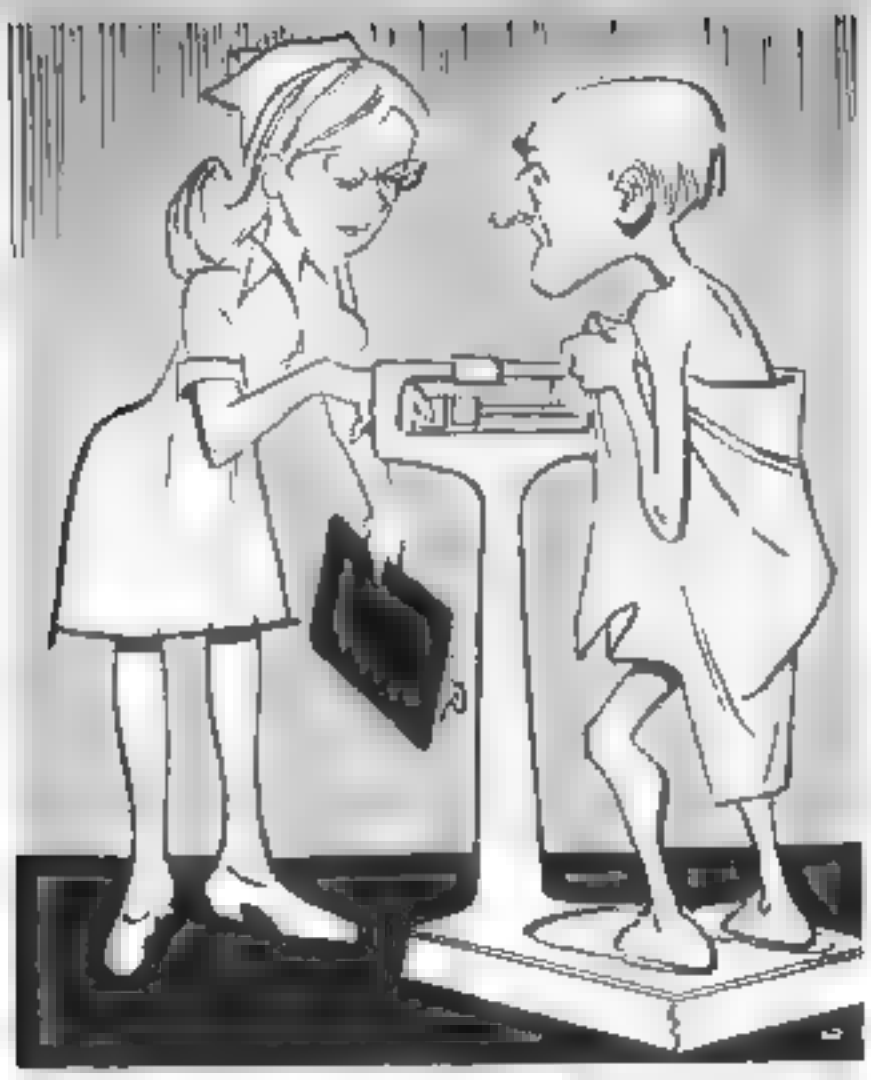
METAL TRAYS WITH CONCAVE BOTTOMS create up to 45 decibels more racket when dropped on hospital floors in the middle of the night. Extra resonance can awaken patients over a three-floor area. Especially good for causing relapses in cardiac wards. Made of finest galvanized steel by the Greater Sheboygan Kettle Drum & Hospital Tray Corp.

364—"BIG BANG" BRAND HOSPITAL TRAYS . . . $11.50 dozen

SILENCE WHIMPERS ABOUT HIGH MEDICAL COSTS with these authentic looking plaques that proclaim how generous others have been. Heartfelt messages could even prompt neurotic, guilt ridden patients to pay more than they owe. Most important, your cost of plaques to acknowledge tax deductible gifts may be tax deductible, too.

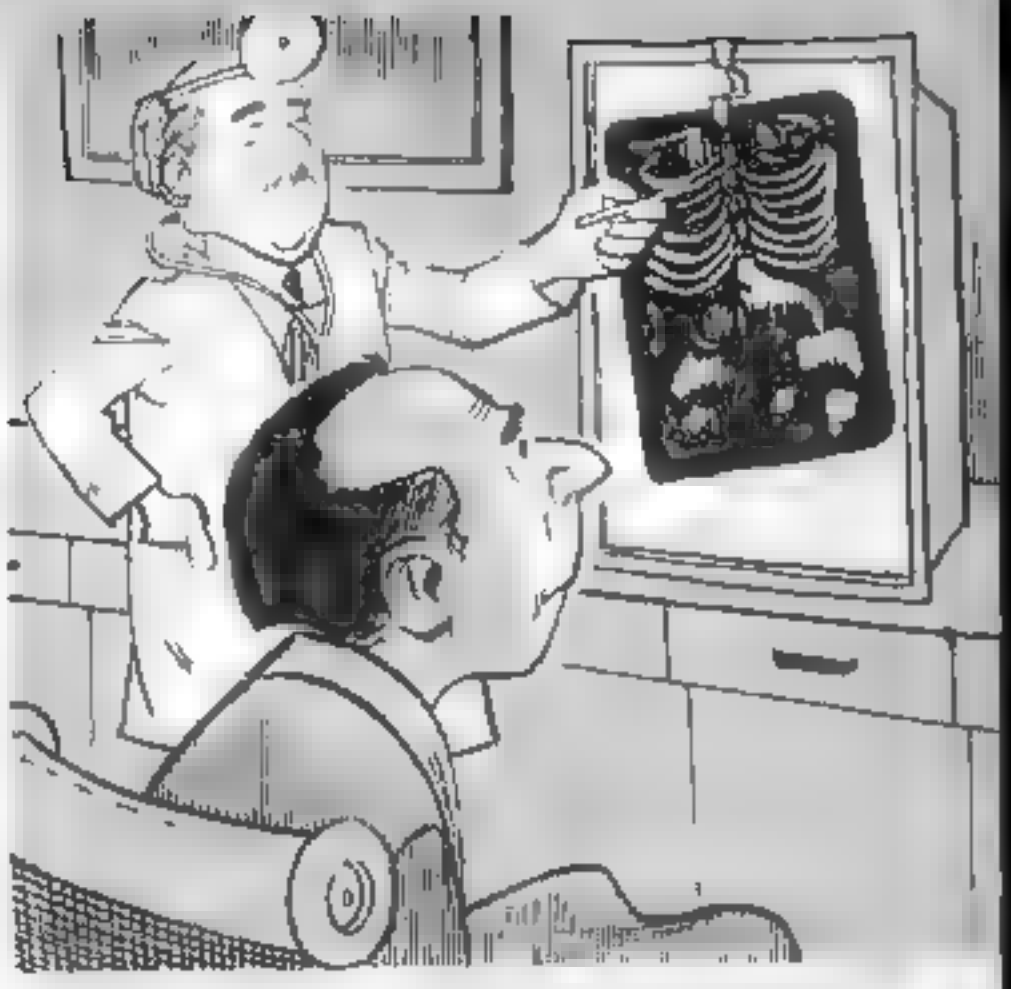
57932—BRONZE WALL PLAQUES . . . . . $29.95 ea.

6—PAPER PLAQUES APPEALING FOR DONATIONS TO BUY BRONZE PLAQUES . . . . . 29¢ ea.



INACCURATE SCALES help convince puny patients that they're slipping away even faster than they thought. Precision magnetic device automatically deducts ten pounds from true body weight to bring on quick relapse, even among those who are actually recovering.

465—INSTANT EMACIATION SCALES $39.50

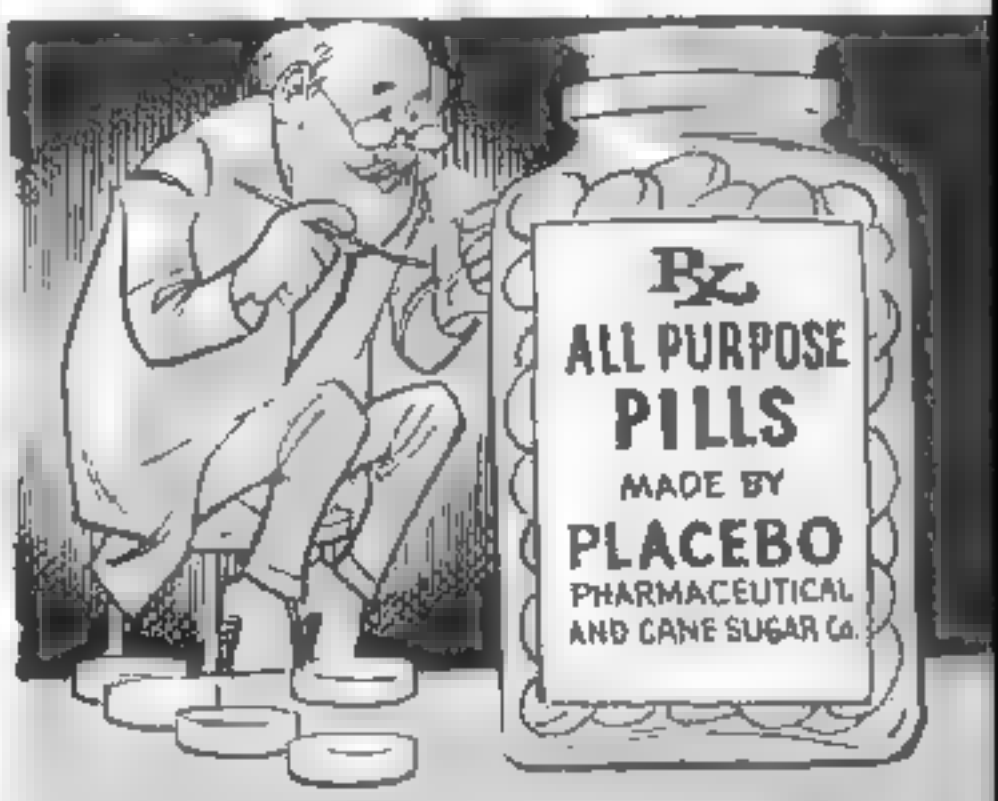


LET SECOND HAND X-RAYS CONVINCE YOUR PATIENTS of the urgent need for surgery. Laymen never recognize their own X-rays anyway, so why cut into your profit by taking new pictures that may cost as much as $2.50 each to produce? We have made a bargain purchase of the complete files of a bankrupt radiologist, and pass the savings along to you.

114—ASSORTED BONE AND INTERNAL ORGAN X-RAYS $1.60 dozen

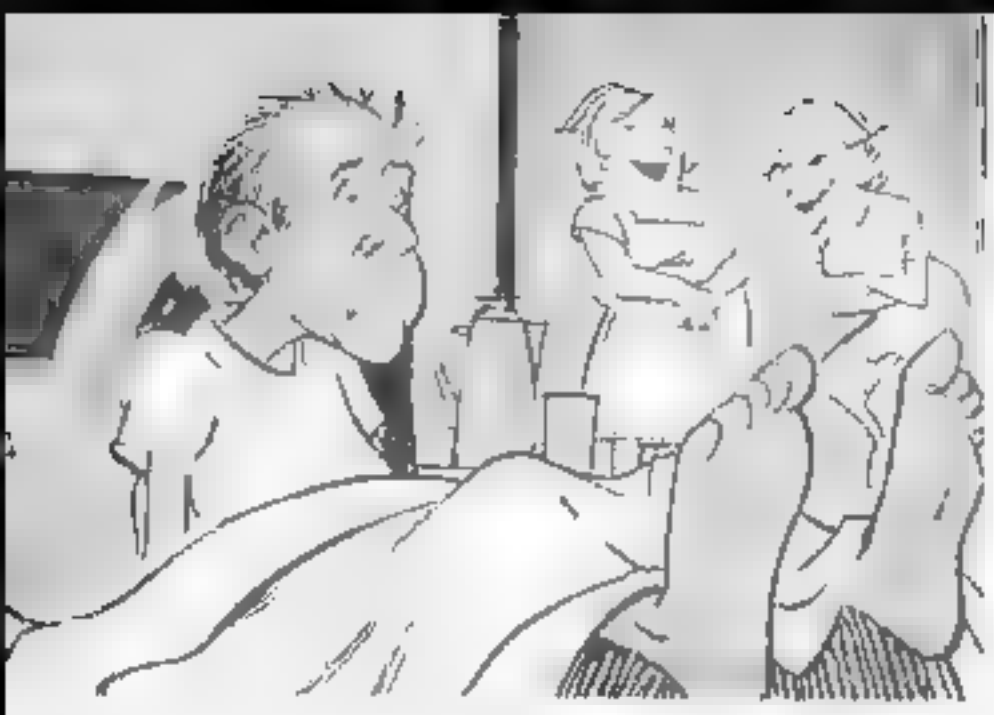
KEEP VISITORS FROM USING YOUR ELEVATORS with a set of catchy, discouraging door signs. No hospital wants mobs of raunchy relatives going upstairs to annoy staff members with complaints about treatment of loved ones. Forcing them to use steep stairways discourages up to 80% of unwanted visitors from trying to get off the ground.

465—ASSORTED ELEVATOR DISCOURAGEMENT SIGNS $1.50 dozen



TREAT ANYTHING WITH MIRACULOUS NEW BRIGHTLY COLORED PILLS. Are you discovering that old fashioned white sugar pills can only be palmed off on patients as aspirin? Then step up into the big profit pharmaceutical field now with sugar pills containing the new wonder ingredient, vegetable coloring. Available in Antibiotic Blue, Tranquilizer Yellow and Pain Deadening Pink.

517—STRICTLY NON-PRESCRIPTION MIRACLE DRUGS $11.50 per 10,000



BOTTOM SHOCKER BED PAN. Heavy gauge steel construction keeps this deluxe pan horrendously cold for hours after removal from refrigerated stockroom. Nurses and orderlies will have a barrel of laughs watching unsuspecting victims react as warm flesh adheres to frigid metal. Especially good for awakening patients to give them their sleeping pills.

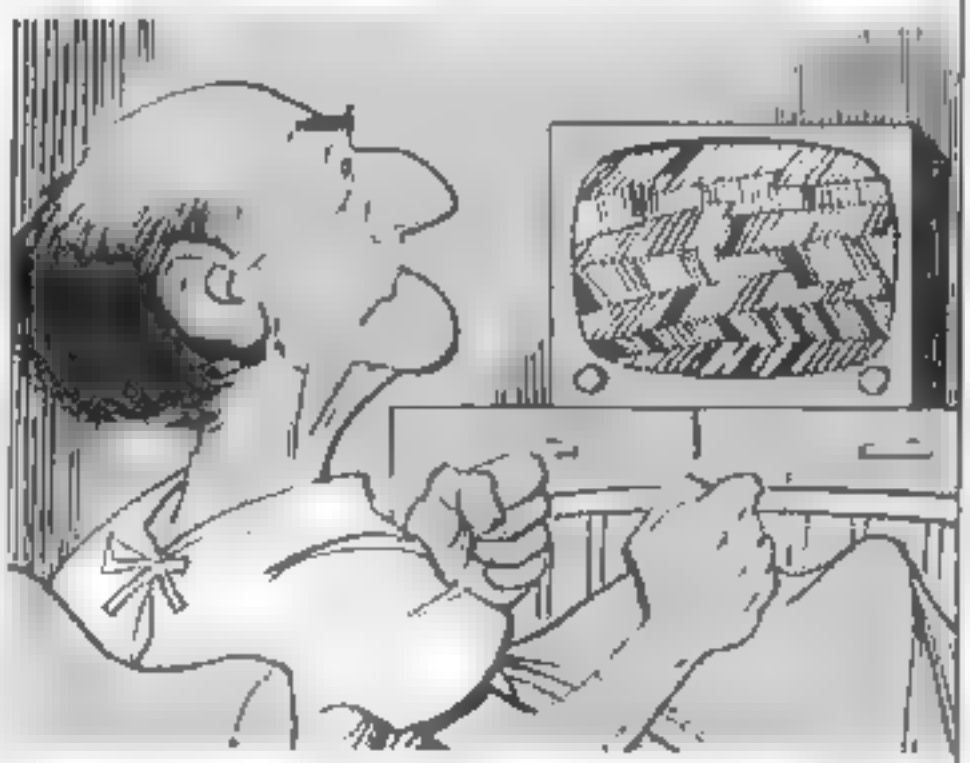
519—"ARCTIC TAILS" BED PANS **$13.50 dozen**

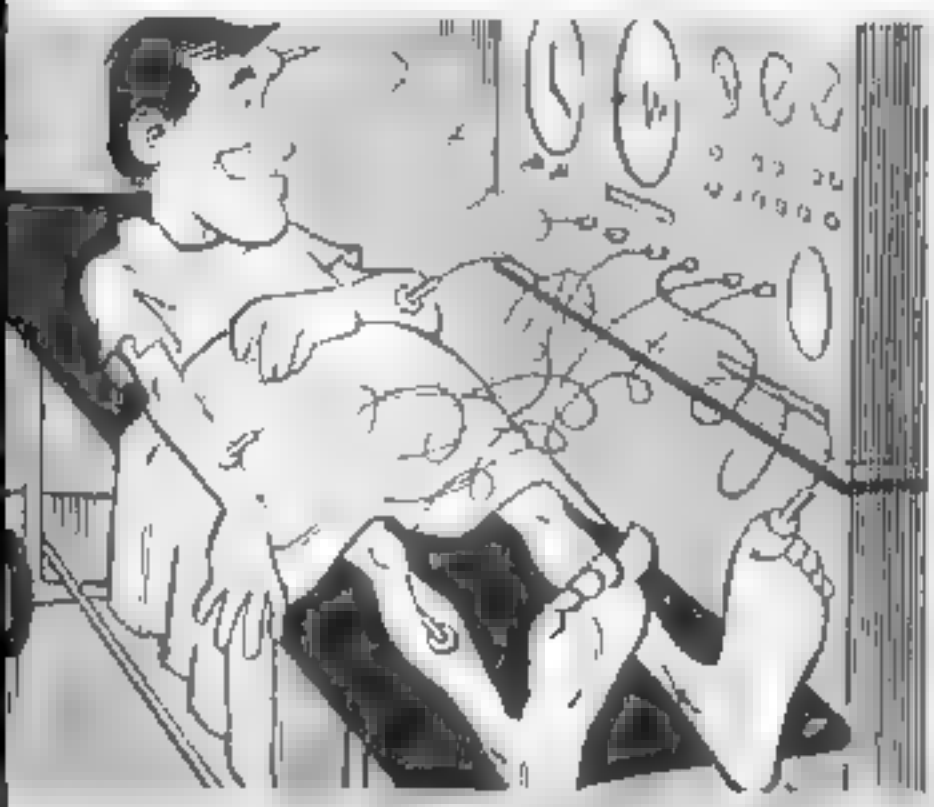
INCREDIBLE SAVINGS ON SOLID GLASS FEVER THERMOMETERS! It's the mercury in standard thermometers that runs up the cost, so we've left it out of these! Quite adequate for hospital use since nurses never allow patients to see what their temperature is, and merely take it hourly to appear efficient. Save big money on these glass rods that feel like the real thing when shoved under the tongue.

791—SWIZZLE STICKS SIMILAR TO FEVER THERMOMETERS .... 9¢ ea.

SPECIALLY DESIGNED RENTAL TV SETS. Constant picture flopover drives bedfast patients ape. That's why these hospital rental models were made with weak "Vertical Hold" mechanisms to discourage their use by those who can't get up to make frequent adjustments. Patients beg for sets to be turned off to preserve their sanity, but you continue collecting daily rental fee while saving vital electricity.

885—UTTERLY MADDENING TELEVISION **$99.50**
(Available only in black and white, but nobody will notice.)





DIAGNOSTIC PROFILE DATA READ-OUT MACHINE. Nicely equipped with 327 blinking lights, recorded clicking and whirring sounds, plus full set of electrodes for attachment to patients. Basic machine does nothing in particular, but computer unit (optional at extra cost) can be programmed to make out staff payroll checks while patient thinks he is getting vital heart and respiration tests.

3941—DIAGNOSTIC PROFILE DATA READ-OUT MACHINE $495
3942—DE LUXE MACHINE WITH COMPUTER UNIT $100,495

BUZZER RESPONSE TAPE RECORDING ends nuisance of answering patients' calls for service with live nurses. Cassette tape features a variety of reassuring recorded messages for broadcast over hospital inter-com system. Sincere feminine voice is guaranteed to keep patients pacified until they grow too weak to press buzzer or lapse into unconsciousness.

987—ANGEL OF MERCY RECORDING (30-minue Cassette) $2.98

INTENSE BEAM PHYSICIAN'S LIGHT. As a medical person, only you know what you're hunting for when you shine that bright light in a patient's eyes. You're hunting for money and valuables in his pockets while he is blinded by the glare. New ultra-penetrating light gives you as much as five extra minutes of danger-free rummaging time

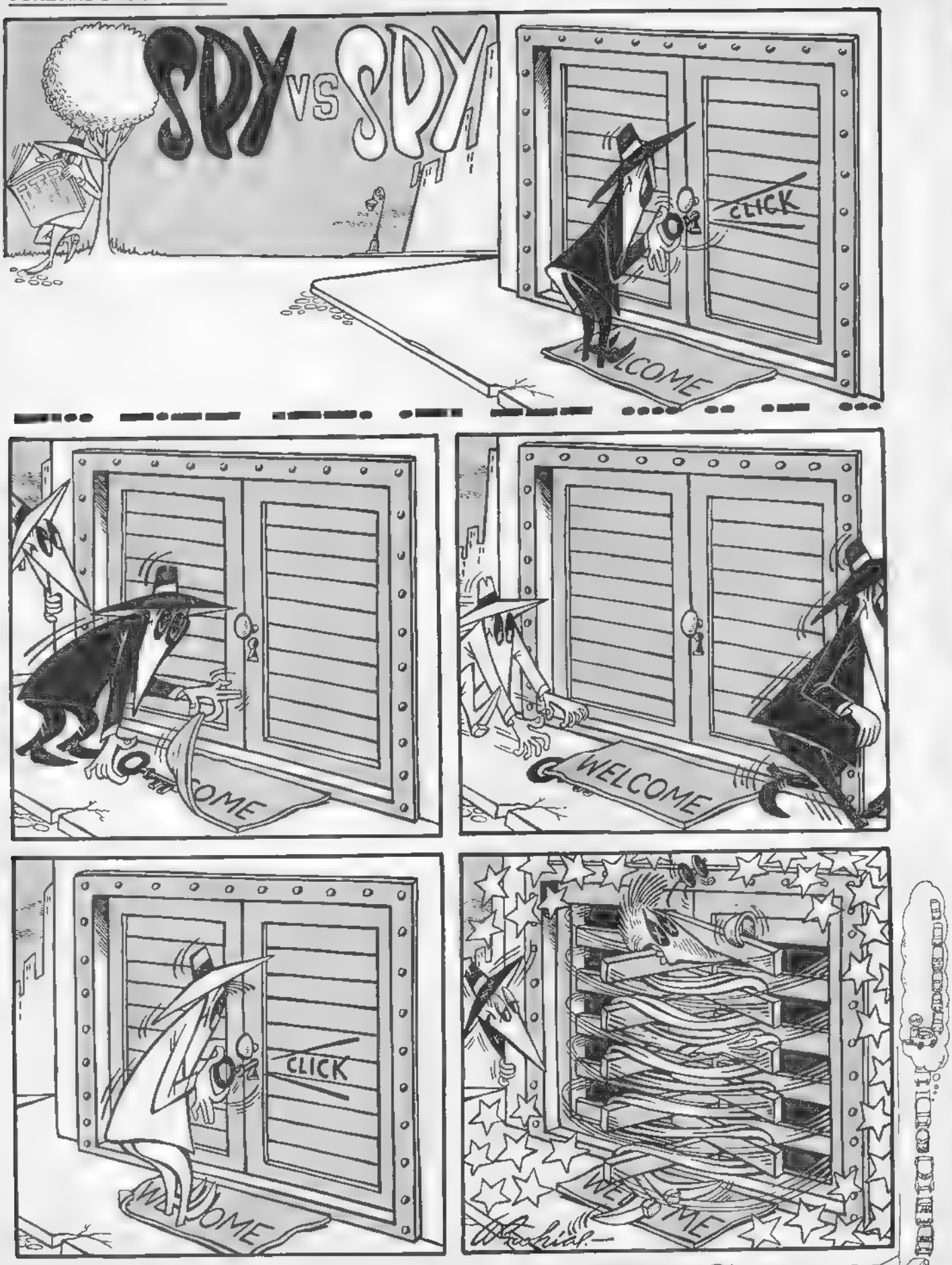
699—LONG BLINDING MEDICAL EXAMINATION LIGHT . . $17.50
(Long lasting medical batteries not included)

COARSE, SCRATCHY BATHROOM TISSUE. Among sick people, even minor discomfort can build up to the kind of nagging pain that lengthens a hospital stay. This low quality, abrasive tissue quickly makes patients dread "answering nature's call," yet it costs no more than ordinary soft textured brands sold for home use.

116—AGONIZING BATHROOM TISSUE . . . . . $1.89 dozen rolls

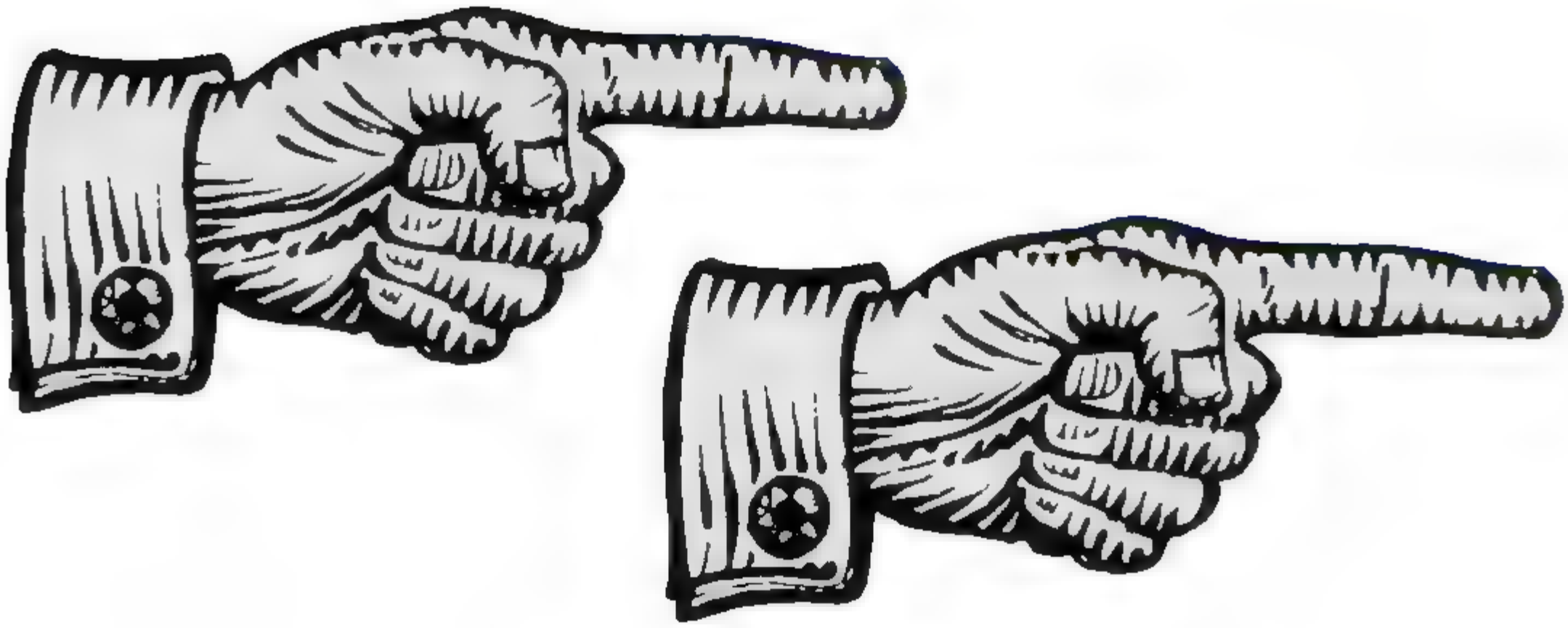
"LOK-TITE" BEDSIDE GUARD RAILS. End worry about nosy patients sneaking out into halls at night and discovering that your nurses' stations are all unstaffed after 9 P.M. These sturdy steel rails keep inmates in bed where they belong. High enough that efforts to climb out over the top will only result in nasty falls requiring longer hospitalization.

VIRTUALLY ESCAPE-PROOF BEDSIDE GUARD RAILS . . . . . $12.95 pair
COMPLETELY ESCAPE-PROOF ELECTRIFIED RAILS . . . . . $79.50 pair


SPY vs SPY
CLICK
WELCOME
WELCOME
WELCOME
CLICK
WELCOME
WELCOME
DRIVE IN MOVIES

Nothing to see here!

Please skip ahead.



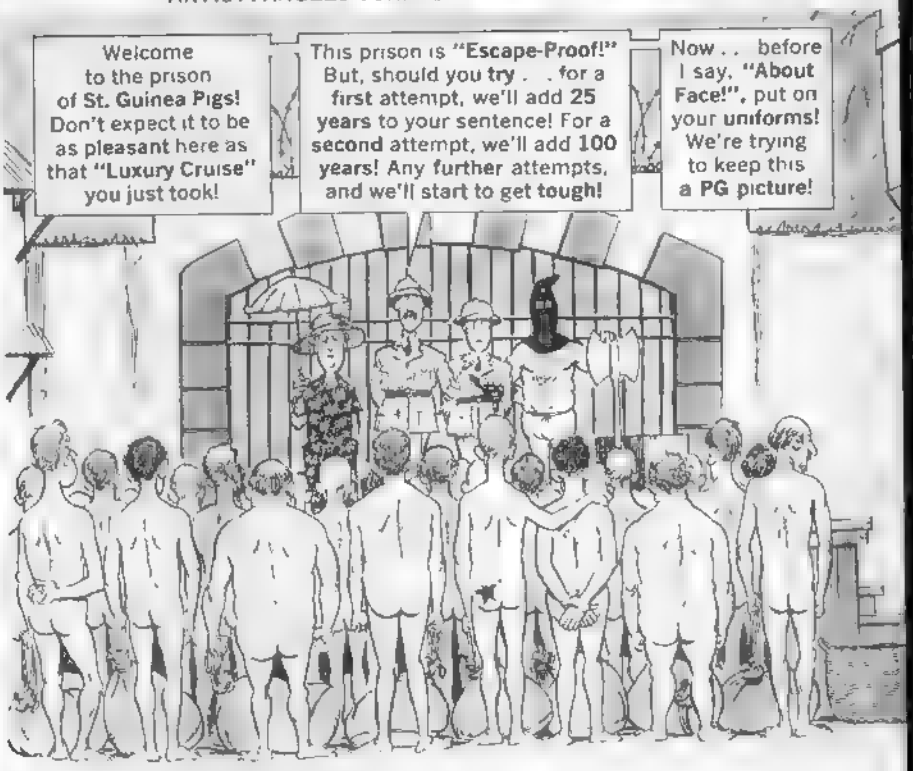
BUTTERFLY McQUEEN DEPT.

There's a hit movie making the rounds that advertises itself as "The Greatest Adventure Story Ever Told!" Well, we may not exactly agree with that, but we will admit it's "The DUMBEST Adventure Story Ever Told!" We're referring, of course, to the movie about that man who had a simply unbelievable life! And that's how we feel about it! We simply don't believe it! But we do know one thing! It was so nauseating, so disgusting, so stomach-turning . . . that we bought, but never got to eat our

PO

PICORN

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO



We don't assign anyone "Swamp Duty" until he's had a thorough Medical Examination! But I can tell merely by looking at you men that you're all in great shape!

If those two are in GREAT shape, I'd sure love to see what you consider to be in just GOOD shape!

I could SHOW you, but we just buried 'em this morning!

This sure is some crocodile infested, mosquito-laden, God-forsaken, dismal hell hole of a place . . . isn't it?!?

Well, EVERYBODY loves it at first! But you'll soon change your mind!

Did some convict go mad . . . and now they're chasing him with those butterfly nets?

No, they're chasing REAL BUTTERFLIES! The guards make extra money selling them to me! I pay twenty cents a ton! Here! Take a net and try it! See if you can catch a few million!

Thanks! I know where I can catch plenty! On the French Riviera!

See you guys around . . .

For trying to escape, you have been assigned to this Maximum Penalty Prison! Here, we will break you, both physically and mentally! You'll be starved—degraded—until you develop cobwebs in your brain . . . and butterflies in your stomach!

Can I be excused from that last part? I already have one on my chest!

SILENCE

They won't break me! There's plenty I can do in this cold, damp, smelly, tiny unit cell! I can walk a lot! I can think a lot! I can exercise a lot! And mainly, I can CRY a lot!

VIVE LE BOCHE

WARDEN

Here is your first meal . . .

A moldy, rancid potato . . . and half a dead mouse?!? Is the food ALWAYS like this?

No! Lucky for you it's Bastille Day!

Boy! I've been here for seventeen months, and my mind is still as sharp as a tack!

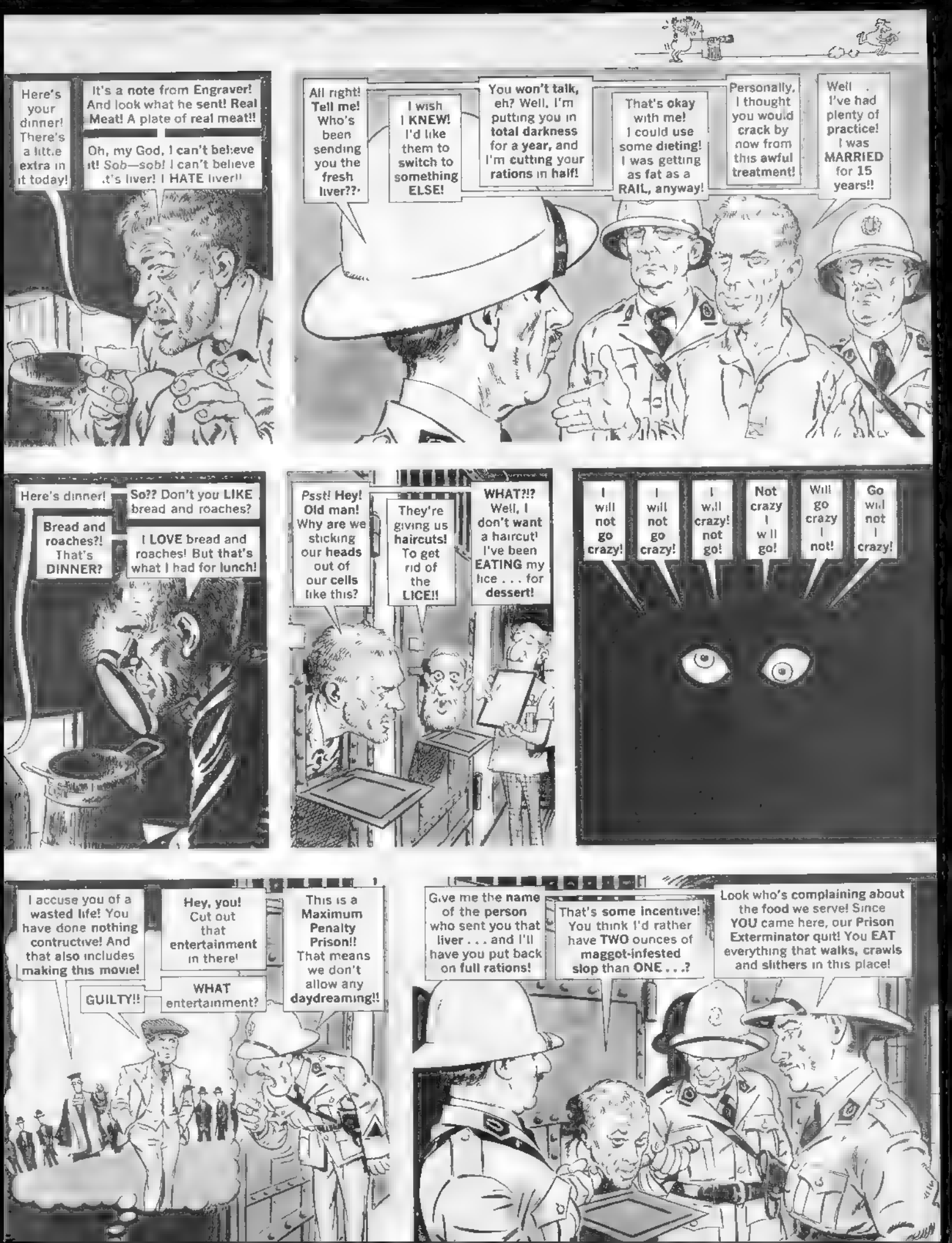
It's a good thing I've got my wits . . .!

And my doggie . . .!

And my froggie . . .!

And my dollie . . .!

And my goo-goo . . .


Here's your dinner! There's a little extra in it today!
It's a note from Engraver! And look what he sent! Real Meat! A plate of real meat!!
Oh, my God, I can't believe it! Sob—sob! I can't believe it's liver! I HATE liver!!
All right! Tell me! Who's been sending you the fresh liver??
I wish I KNEW! I'd like them to switch to something ELSE!
You won't talk, eh? Well, I'm putting you in total darkness for a year, and I'm cutting your rations in half!
That's okay with me! I could use some dieting! I was getting as fat as a RAIL, anyway!
Personally, I thought you would crack by now from this awful treatment!
Well . I've had plenty of practice! I was MARRIED for 15 years!!
Here's dinner!
So?? Don't you LIKE bread and roaches?
Bread and roaches?! That's DINNER?
I LOVE bread and roaches! But that's what I had for lunch!
Psst! Hey! Old man! Why are we sticking our heads out of our cells like this?
They're giving us haircuts! To get rid of the LICE!!
WHAT?!? Well, I don't want a haircut! I've been EATING my lice . . . for dessert!
I will not go crazy!
I will not go crazy!
I will crazy! not go!
Not crazy I will go!
Will go crazy I not!
Go will not I crazy!
I accuse you of a wasted life! You have done nothing contructive! And that also includes making this movie!
GUILTY!!
Hey, you! Cut out that entertainment in there!
WHAT entertainment?
This is a Maximum Penalty Prison!! That means we don't allow any daydreaming!!
Give me the name of the person who sent you that liver . . . and I'll have you put back on full rations!
That's some incentive! You think I'd rather have TWO ounces of maggot-infested slop than ONE . . .?
Look who's complaining about the food we serve! Since YOU came here, our Prison Exterminator quit! You EAT everything that walks, crawls and slithers in this place!

It's great seeing you again, Poppy! The rest seems to have done you good! And the fact that you never gave them my name has told me a lot about you, my friend!

What? That I'm brave?

No, that you're STUPID! So, now that you've been put through hell for trying to escape, what are you going to do?

Try to escape!

One thing I've got to say for you, Poppy! You're a SLOW LEARNER!

I was told by someone that you might be able to give me a hand—

Don't ever say, "give me a hand" here! This is a Leper Colony!

Okay! We will give you a boat so you can escape and get caught yet another time . . . if you pass a small test!

This test is to see how much we disgust you! Here! Puff my cigar . . .

You are a very brave man to take the cigar from the mouth of a hideous-looking Leper, and smoke it!

Well, I figured it can't be any worse than the cockroaches and beetles and spiders and maggots and worms and centipedes and slugs that I've eaten!

You—you've—choke—EATEN those things!? Take the boat and—gagg—GO! Boy, are you DISGUSTING!!

H-how did I get here—a primitive Central American Indian camp? And where are all my friends . . . the men that I escaped with?

Well, if you'd like me to go back and explain, it'll take another six pages of this MAD satire!

No, thanks! I really think I've SUFFERED ENOUGH already!

May I stay?

Can I have a butterfly like that?

Sure! Can I have a woman like that?

Well, Poppy! My people and I have shown you a fantastic time! We have given you food, drink, clothes, even a fortune in pearls! What ELSE can we do for you?

You can all DISAPPEAR—be GONE when I wake up tomorrow!

But, WHY?!?

Because this is Paradise, and I just can't stand all this constant NO SUFFERING!

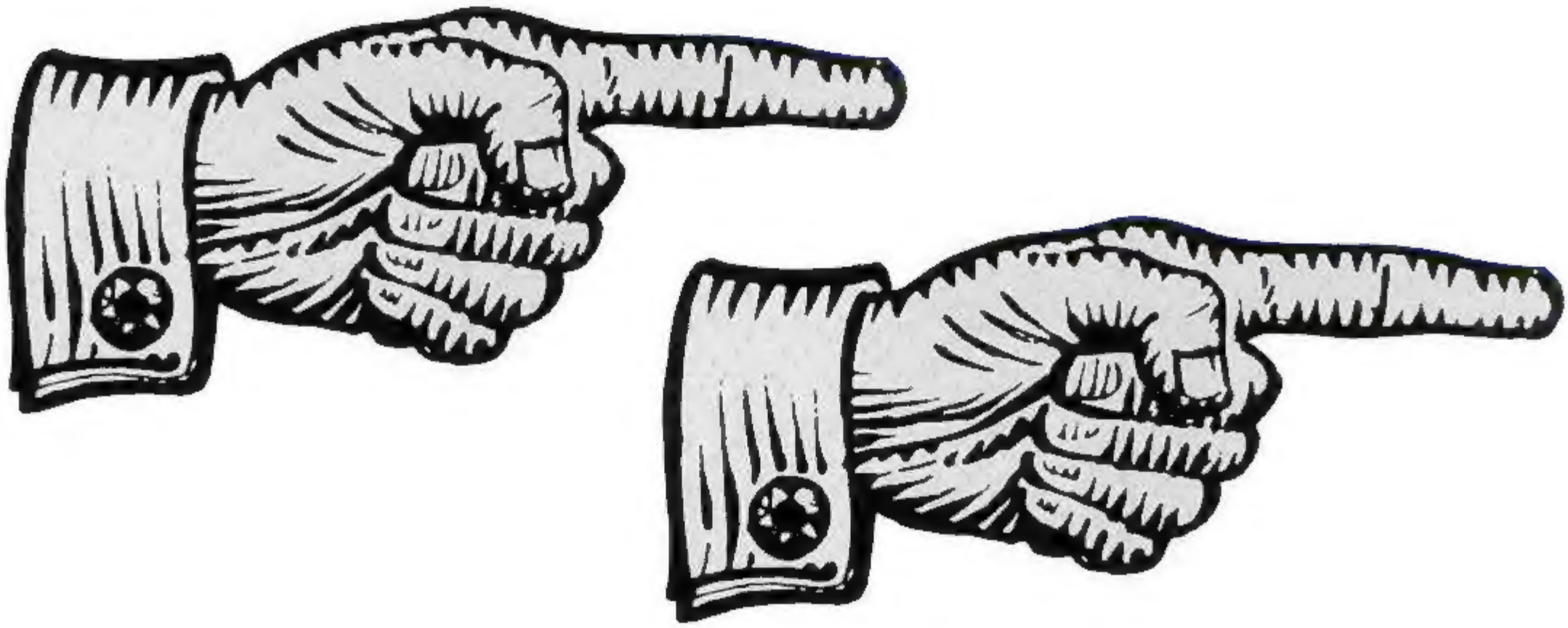
In exchange for Sister Snow White's helping you through the checkpoint, you have given me your pearls to feed the poor! So, I in turn, have done something for you! I've called for the soldiers to take you back!
When you finish your prison sentence, you can come and visit us again! Just ask anyone for directions to the Sisters of Judas Convent!
Boy, that's some thanks I get! Just see if I ever play "Bingo" again!
Lousi! Lousi Engraver! It's ME! Poppy!! I'm back . . . after another ten years in solitary!
Please! No stories about eating roaches and lizards and . . .
No, Lousi! I'm a Vegetarian now! I eat moss and slime and mold!
ILE DU DIABLE HILTON
Well, now that you're back . . . what are you going to do?
ESCAPE!!
I figured as much! But it is impossible to escape from Devil's Island!
No, it's not! The answer is coconuts!
Poppy, I think you're bananas!
No . . . I think my COCONUTS!!
Are you coming with me, my friend?
No, I'm going to wait for my wife and lawyer to get me out! Oh, the misery those two have known! How they miss me! They miss me so much, they've had to live together and spend all my money, consoling each other!
Well, Lousi, the nuts are all in the water!
All except the Head Nut!
I'll miss you!
I know! We really had a lot of laughs together!
Try to keep your MIND as sharp as mine!
I will, Poppy!
And maybe one night, I'll drift back here . . . and we'll go BOWLING or something!
Oh, yeah! Your mind as as sharp as ever!
GOODBYYYYYEEEEEEE
After months at sea, Popicorn made it to shore, and back to France!
And now . . . perhaps you are saying to yourself, "I could never have endured such punishment!"
Well . . . you underestimate yourself! After all, you saw the movie —which was a prison term in itself . . .
. . . and then you made it through this satire! See? You're an even braver person than you thought!

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART II

ONE FINE DAY IN THE ARCTIC

Nothing to see here!

Please skip ahead.



WHAT IS THE ONLY THING THAT COMPLETELY IGNORES THE LAW OF GRAVITY?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

MAD FOLD-IN

Nothing on earth has ever defied the "Law of Gravity." Until recently, that is! Now, an amazing new development has clearly demonstrated that the "Law of Gravity" can not only be broken, it can be completely ignored as well. To find out what is doing this, fold in page as shown at the right.

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▶ FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT ◀B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

A▶ ◀B

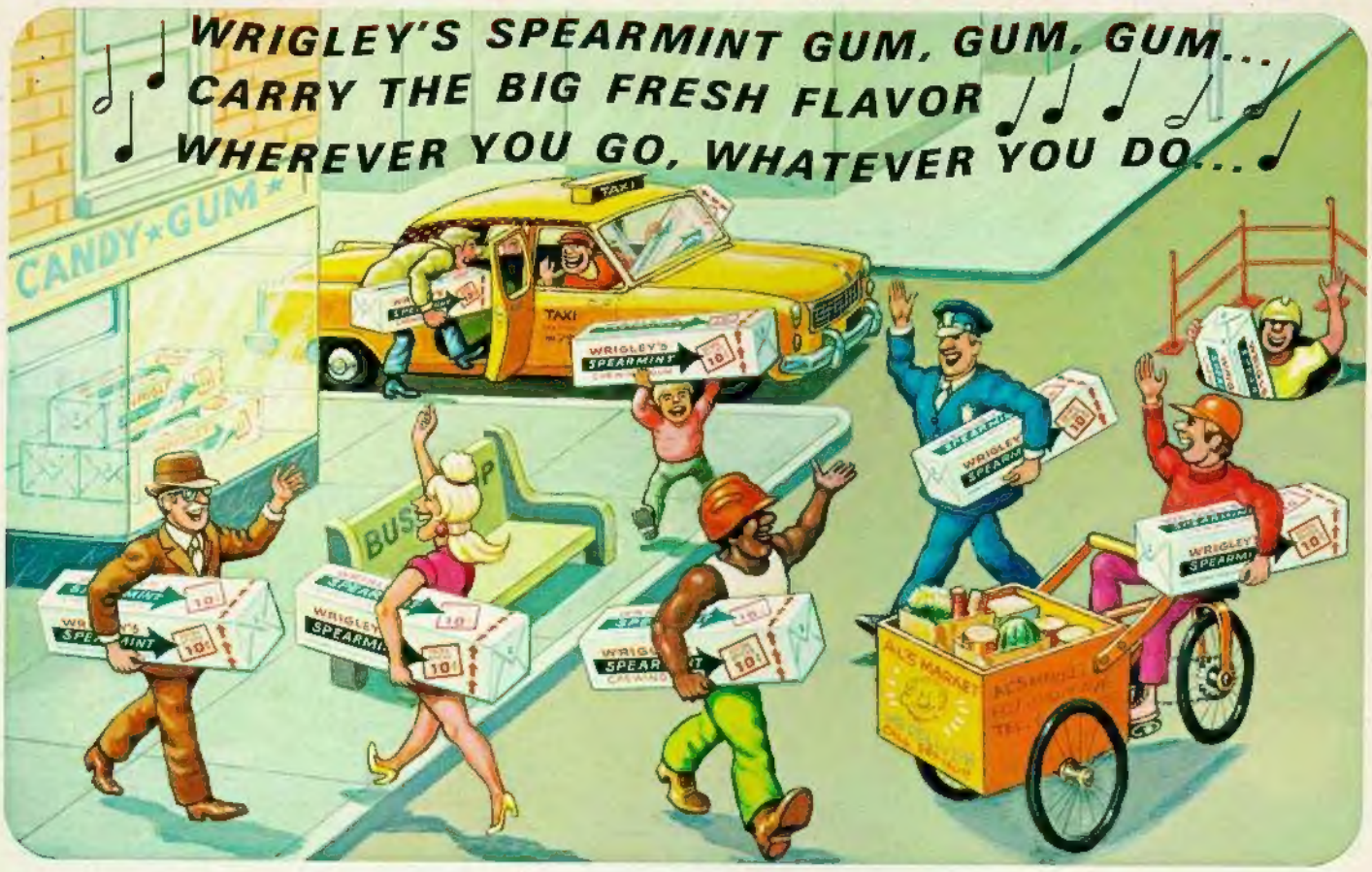
WHAT IS THE ONLY THING THAT COMPLETELY IGNORES THE LAW OF GRAVITY?

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▶◀B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

THE COST OF LIVING

A MAD LOOK AT A TV COMMERCIAL



ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE